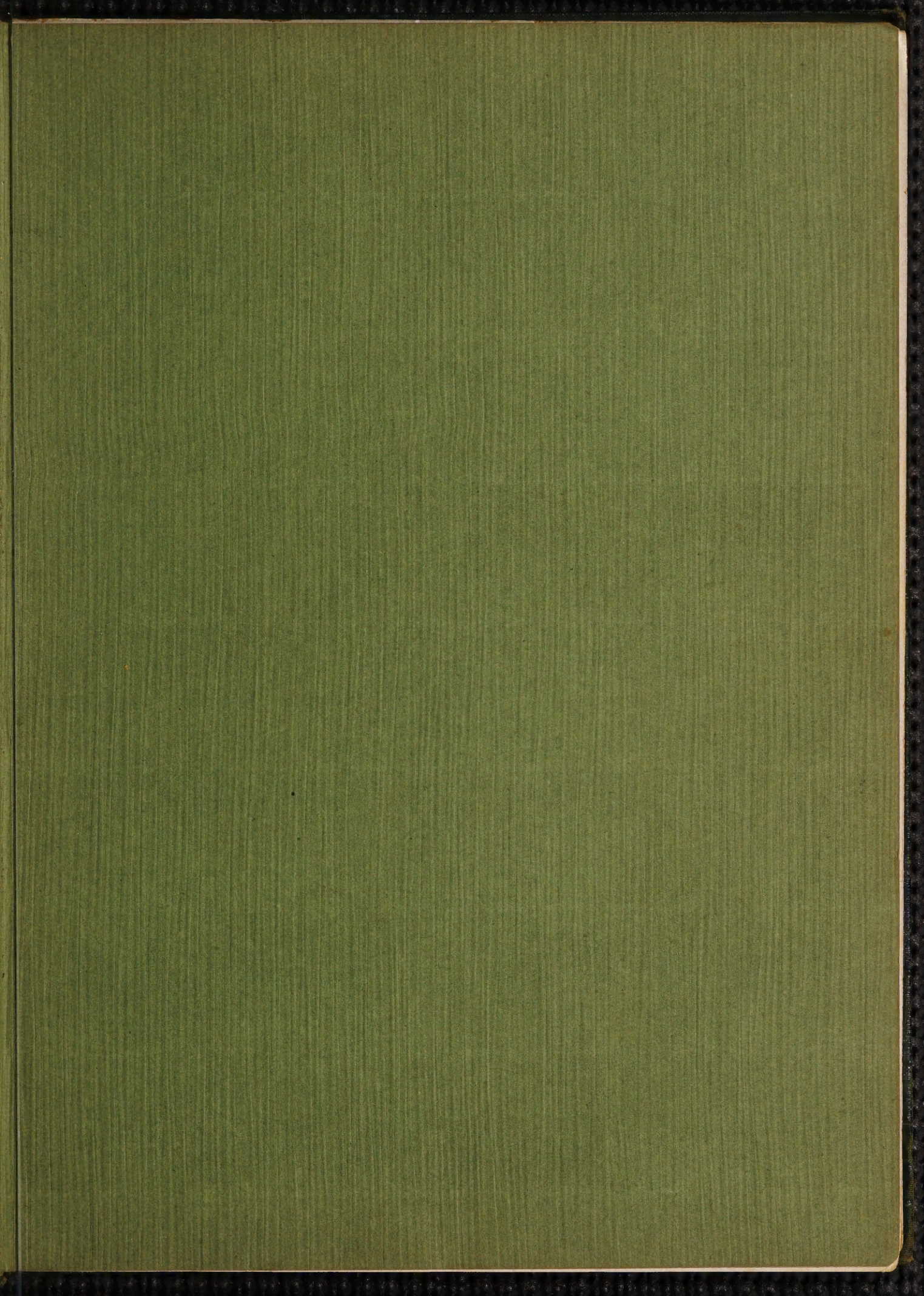


KISSMET





No doubt
 the answer is
 yes -
 signed 5/10/1914



affectueux, à vous, toujours gentille et
 aimable - J. M. Brochu
 I think so, too, most decidedly!
 Leba Havelton

T.C. -



Within These Walls

K I S M E T

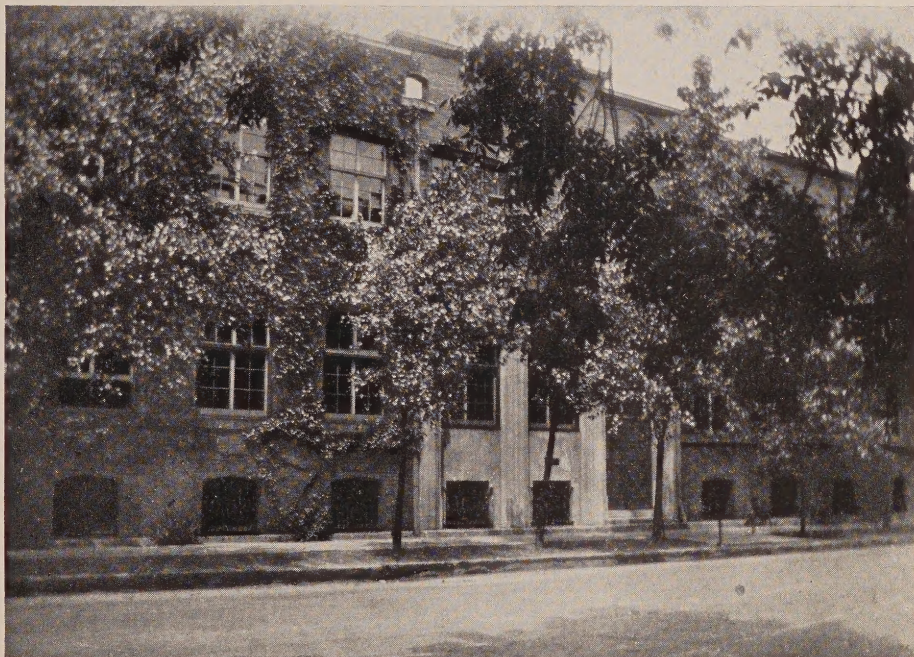
A Record of Events
of

THE FAULKNER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

4746 DORCHESTER AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Elizabeth Faulkner**
1936-1937



The Faulkner School

** Someone who loves you!*

Foreword

This year the Board chose the "Progress of Architecture" for Kismet's theme. The Intermediate is represented by an Indian Teepee, this being considered the first thought of hand-made shelter. The Freshmen have a log cabin, the beginning of homes in wood. The Sophomores are represented by a fine old Colonial home, showing an advance from the crude log cabin. A mid-Victorian house and its surroundings represent the Juniors; while an ultra-modern skyscraper is depicted for the Seniors, who are thus represented by the latest and farthest advanced style in building.

Activities, of course, are represented by the famous Coliseum where so many interesting things happened, and what could be more appropriate for the Literary section than an ancient feudal castle where one's imagination can run riot?

Mildred Erskine Jones



MISS JONES

*This year, 1936-37, the Kismet Board
wholeheartedly and lovingly dedicates this book*

to

Mildred Erskine Jones

*Miss Jones' cheerfulness, patience, fairness, and broad-mindedness
are appreciated by all,
and we have found in her a real friend because of her sympathy and
understanding in all things.*

*For all these and much more that cannot be expressed in words,
she has won not only our love
but also our
greatest respect and admiration.*



Year Book Board

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Sally Hayes

Margery Klein

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Betty Coe Hubbard

Anne Nicholson

Jane Altman

Snapshots and Pictures

Doris Kimball

Libby McKey

INTERMEDIATE





First Row—Doris Winter, N. A. Pence.
 Second Row—M. R. Hertzman, G. Frank, E. Wilhartz, Z. A. Macaulay.
 Third Row—M. Loeb, F. Blair, D. Voss, K. Anderson.
 Top Row—A. Tatman, J. Monroe, J. Sheppard, S. Miller.

Fifth and Sixth Grades

Fifth Grade

Katharine Anderson
Mary Ruth Hertzman
Elaine Murdock
Nancy Ann Pence
Ariel Tatman
Donna Cameron Voss
Doris Betty Winter

OFFICERS

President Mary Ruth Hertzman
Vice-President Nancy Ann Pence
Secretary Donna Cameron Voss
Treasurer Doris Betty Winter

Flowers—Red Roses
Colors—Red and White

Paddy Bear Is Scared

Paddy Bear was walking one day
To a haunted house not far away
From his home in the wood,
Where flowers grow and the honey is
 good.
He was scared.

He walked in a door
(There were several score);
He heard a "whoooooo"
And a "booooo"
And he saw a ghost!

He saw another and another.
The house was full of them.
His knees were shaking under him,
Like a flower on a stem.
He was scared!

He started to run,
This wasn't much fun.
He ran as fast as he could,
As all bears should
 When they're scared.

He at last reached home
(For which he was glad),
For a mighty bad scare
Had Paddy Bear had.
He *was* scared.

Nancy Ann Pence

Teachers of Faulkner

Miss Farr teaches us arithmetic
To learn it is quite a trick.
Miss Pickens' geography is quite a feat.
To get an "A" plus is really a treat.
Miss Jones is the instructor in gym.
By the time you've finished, you're completely all in.
Miss Bacon tries to teach us art,
But all the work is on her part.
In Dalcroze, Mrs. Burgess cracks the whip.
At the musical beat we certainly skip.
All these teachers are very nice,
And I wouldn't trade them for any price.

Donna Voss

Ya' Sissy

One time my brother said to me,
"Why don't you play ball," said he,
"Instead of dolls and houses and things,
And bride and horses that have wings?
Ya' Sissy!"

"Why don't you play football times
Instead of church with all its chimes?
Why not play pirate, brave an' bold
Instead, it's only dolls you hold!
Ya' Sissy!"

Nancy Ann Pence

Telephones

If there weren't any things like telephones,
I wonder what we would do.
We'd walk a mile to see a friend—
When we got there, say "adieu."

If there weren't any things like telephones,
We couldn't call New York.
We'd have to go on a bumpy train,
That jolts out of your hand your fork.

But we have this thing in this age now;
So why worry about it and fret?
I've never seen a well-built home
That hadn't a telephone, yet.

Katharine Anderson

If I Were a Tree

If I were a tree,
Great and strong,
I'd hold up my branches
All day long.
I'd like the spring,
When my leaves would be green.
I'd not like the winter,
For Jack Frost is mean.
Only I'm not a tree.
What shall I be?

Ariel Tatman

1936

A busy year, 1936,
All full of tragedies, laughter and tricks.
Roosevelt has just been elected again,
He'll go down in history with other famous men.
Great Britain, you know, has just had three kings.
It hopes for no more deaths, abdications or such things.
Spain has been having a civil war,
And few people know *exactly* what it's for.
Italy and Germany have been getting arms ready,
They'll have an army and navy that's steady.
We greet '37 with hope and with fear,
But just at the moment, Happy New Year!

Mary Ruth Hertzman

Sixth Grade

Marie Frances Blair
Gloria June Frank
Marilyn Bronner Loeb
Zoe Ann Macaulay
Sally Miller
Joan Monroe
Joan Sheppard
Elaine Wilhartz

OFFICERS

President Gloria June Frank
Vice-President Sally Miller
Secretary Elaine Wilhartz
Treasurer Zoe Ann Macaulay

Flowers—White Carnations
Colors—White and Rust

Where to, Spring?

Oh! Spring, Ho! Spring.
Whither do you go, Spring?
If you would but say, Spring,
I would go there, too.

Sally Miller

What I Like Best

I like the spring and fall,
I like the cold and heat.
But the very best of all,
I like good things to eat.

Sally Miller

The View from the Lee Mansion

As you stand on the porch of General Robert E. Lee's house you look out over the Arlington Memorial Bridge which spans the shining Potomac and forms an entry-way to the Lincoln Memorial.

If you happen to glance down, you see the classic marble Arlington Memorial Amphitheater in front of which looms up the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. You feel a lump in your throat as you stare at a sentinel who constantly marches back and forth.

When you turn, you see the mast of the "Maine." You stand there and think what an awe-stricken man Robert Lee would be if he could see this.

As you prepare to leave, the soldiers and sailors of the Arlington Cemetery seem to rise up against the setting sun and pay homage to this wonderful place.

Gloria Frank

The Bluebird

I am always on the wing
As I fly, I like to sing.
Many a beautiful sight I've seen,
Up above the tree-tops green.

When spring comes I choose my mate,
And together we go to meet our fate;
Thick and thin and thin and thick,
Together we will always stick.

So we build our cozy nest
Of sticks and string and all things best,
Then come the babies soft and small,
Happy and healthy, dear ones all.

Zoe Ann Macaulay

The Brave Puppy

One fine autumn morning when a nice breeze was blowing, the three Smith children decided to spend the day out in Jimmy's motor boat. Jimmy had just gotten it and was anxious to try it out.

The children were soon ready to go, Jimmy, Dickie and Alice, and their new police puppy, Sport.

"Now, children," said Mr. Smith, "be sure to get home early, and come right home if it starts to storm."

"We will," promised the three children and set off in their boat.

It was about noon when Dickie said, "I think we'd better land on South Island and eat lunch 'cause we have to get home early."

"All right," agreed Jimmy, and he steered to the island.

After their lunch was eaten and they had packed their basket, they lay down to rest. Soon after they were all asleep, when Alice felt a drop of water on her nose. She woke with a start and called, "Boys, wake up, it's starting to rain."

The boys jumped up and got the boat ready, and they all piled in.

Half way home the motor went wrong, and the wind started to blow with such force that the boat rocked and swayed. Then the wind blew them the other way until they found themselves at the point of being cast on the other side of the island. When the boat was in shallow water, the two boys got out and pulled the boat up on shore.

"How'll we get home?" asked Alice. "We aren't good swimmers."

"Let's try sending Sport home," replied Jimmy. "I'll tie a note to his collar and he'll take it to Dad. Then Dad will come and get us." He took Sport in his arms and tied the note to his collar.

"Go home," he said, and put him in the water. The puppy set out, paddling with all his might, and was soon lost to view.

In half an hour, the three saw a boat coming toward them. In it was their father, mother, and the puppy, very wet and very proud that he helped save them and earned a place in the family.

Sally Miller

My Dog

I have a little dog,
Her name is Chips,
She turns over and over,
And she flips and flips.
I sometimes wish she'd settle down,
And stop acting like a clown.

She is a Scottie dog
And does such funny tricks,
And all day long
In the window she sits,
Waiting and wishing I'd come home,
And never again to school to roam.

Gloria Frank

Arithmetic

Arithmetic is a lot of fun,
Especially measures,
When your work is done.
But often I get in a terrible fix;
My mind whirls around,
And I look for the tricks.
So I sit and study and pout,
Write down figures,
Then rub out.
I wonder when I will be through,
Then suddenly *Hurray!*
There's no more to do.

Marilyn Loeb

The Old Barn at Nancy's,
February 26, 1937.

Dear Nancy,

I am very lonesome. Please come home. My little white tail is now black, and my ears are gray instead of pink. Please come home and wash them.

I never have the right food since you went away, and my dish is never clean. They never feed me cabbage or carrots. Please come home.

I had better stop now, or I might cry.

Your loving Rabbit,
Pinkey.
Frances Blair.

A Spring Day

The lake doth glitter,
The small birds twitter,
And they seem to say
"It is Spring today."

The children are dancing
Horses are prancing,
And all the world is gay.
The reason why—I'll tell you now,
It is Spring today.

Elaine Wilbartz



First row (left to right): R. Winter, H. Landis, N. Meadows, N. D'Ancona.
Second row: S. Pfaelzer, A. Whitaker, E. Jackson, Z. Agar.
Top row: B. Wood, J. Forbes, G. Lorish, N. Magnus.

Seventh and Eighth Grades

Seventh Grade

Hope Landis
Nancy Eugenia Meadows
Regina Estelle Winter
Betty Heath Wood

OFFICERS

President Betty Heath Wood
Vice-President Regina Estelle Winter
Secretary Hope Landis
Treasurer Nancy Eugenia Meadows

Flowers—Gardenias
Colors—Cream and Green

Thanks on Thanksgiving

Even very little children	And big people, too,
Can offer thanks and say	Can go to church and pray
They are grateful for their blessings	For health and happiness and peace,
Upon Thanksgiving Day.	Upon Thanksgiving Day.

Hope Landis

My Stamp Collection

My stamp collection carries me far into the land of imagination. As I turn the pages of my album, I think of the things that the stamps suggest.

Flip! Spanish ships in many colors. Suddenly, I see Spanish merchants sailing to other ports with their cargoes of corn or wheat.

Ah! the German Olympics. I think of the broad jumps, swimming and other interesting sports.

As I turn the pages, I see the French Normandie set. I seem to see the tremendous ship with the flags flying and the people all over the ship.

Thus I use my stamps for travel instead of cars, trains and boats.

Betty Wood

The Nile

The Nile in the dry season,	The Nile in the wet season
Still a slimy thread,	Floods the land throughout,
Flowing, slowly, slowly, slowly,	Floods the land, floods the land,
In its slimy, slimy bed.	When Egypt has a drought.

The Nile to this very day
Repeats this process through,
And every word I've told to you
Is true and true and true.

Betty Wood

Jack Frost

I watched the leaves falling, so red, green and brown.
The flowers sway from side to side
And the soft wind blows against my side.
But with one sharp blow of the wind,
My dream is all destroyed.
Who's the mischievous one
Who dares to stop my dream?
'Tis Jack Frost and Winter, too,
Who say, "We've come to stay!"

Hope Landis

Eighth Grade

Zonella Agar
Nina D'Ancona
Janet Louise Forbes
Ruth Joan Freund
Edith Jackson
Genevra Lorish
Nanette Magnus
Sue Pfaelzer

Adele Whitaker

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Janet Louise Forbes
<i>Vice-President</i>	Edith Jackson
<i>Secretary</i>	Nina D'Ancona
<i>Treasurer</i>	Adele Whitaker

Flowers—Red Carnations

Colors—Maroon and White

Fairy Paradise

One day as I ran through the wood,
When suddenly I stopped,
I found some fairies playing there,
So to my knees I dropped.

Such tiny little things they were,
I could scarce see them at all;
You would never find them,
Yet I could see them all.

The fairy queen was sitting
On the petal of a rose,
And all the maids-in-waiting
Were sitting in a row.

Then suddenly a little guard
Came rushing up to her,
And reported that a little boy
Was making quite a stir.

The little peace disturber
Was brought before the queen,
And then he hung his head in shame
And got the worst scolding ever seen.

I felt so big and out of place,
If they saw me they'd be alarmed;
So I got up and went away,
Leaving them safe and unharmed.

So every day I watch them,
From where I stand unseen,
And I think if you look hard enough
You'll see them and their queen.

Janet Forbes

Valentine

A bit of lace,
A red, red heart,
Pierced by a tiny golden dart.

The lace is old
The heart is torn,
The golden dart looks forlorn;

But Grandma will not let it go,
'Cause Grandfather sent it to her,
Long ago.

Zonella Agar

Mary Jane

Let's go walking down the lane
And gather daisies for a chain;
I'll make a long one all for you,
Mary Jane.

Oh, heck! Who wants to gather flowers?
That'd be wasting precious hours
That I could be with you,
Mary Jane.

Let's play "Hide and seek," or "Cop 'n' robber."
Oh, but that would just be a bother.
Let's just sit in the shade,
Mary Jane.

Oh, well, I'll pick some flowers
For your daisy chain.
For you're awfully pretty,
Mary Jane.

Genevra Lorisb

An Old Man That I Know

He has sailed the seven seas and lives in a small seaport in New England and owns a tiny, well weathered, one-room cabin. This room consists of a double-decked bed, a table which needs paint badly, a large leather chair that is quite worn, something that resembles a desk, and a straight-backed chair with carvings on it done by the old man himself. On the walls are shelves with stacks of books piled carelessly on them, several guns, and the steering wheel of an old ship. On the floor is a rug that is almost worn through and in one corner of the room near a small stove lies the anchor, which is treasured by the old man, for it is from the first ship he ever sailed.

The old man has a short, shaggy beard and rather unkempt hair, bushy eyebrows, and a red, jolly face. He wears a blue seaman's cap, a white shirt, a navy blue jacket on which are twenty brass buttons that are always kept shiny by him, and black trousers and shoes.

He lives a very lonely life, lacking luxuries that we have. Hardly anyone comes to see him, although those who meet him and come to his dwelling once come many more times. He is getting very old now and some day he will go for his last ride on the golden ship that he often dreams of, never to return. You will last hear him call, "Ship ahoy!"—the words so familiar to a seaman's ear.

Edith Jackson

Christmas Eve

The snow was falling rapidly,
The children were in bed;
And Santa Claus was coming
With his reindeer and his sled.

He landed lightly on the roof,
And took his bag of toys
Upon his back for many
Good little girls and boys.

He filled their stockings quietly—
And left, for Joan, a doll,
And for Bill, John and Nancy,
A trumpet, drum and ball.

On up the chimney quickly,
And in a jerk he's gone;
With a "Hi! Ho! Hey!" to his reindeer—
He's off before the dawn!

Edith Jackson

Won't You Come and Play With Me?

There is a picture on the wall
In a golden gilded frame;
It is of my great grandmama,
It is sweet but very plain.

The picture is of a little girl
About the age of me;
My mother says, "It's granny,"
But how can that really be?

My granny is so very old,
This girl is a little one.
I wish she would come out of her frame,
Then we could have some fun.

For I am very lonely,
And you are very prim.
Oh! won't you come and play with me?
Come on, and do give in.

Janet Forbes

Eighth Grade Nameorology

As *Dan Cona* was walking towards The Faulkner School, he met *A-gar-ish Freund*. *Jack's son* came along and said, "Some *Picken*, but she looks so pale. *Whi-tak-er* to school? You'd better take her home." Then he *Pfaelz-er* pulse.

Just then a *Magnus-i-fent Forbes V 8* stopped in front of them, with *Mack* at the wheel.

"Ah, *Lor-is-here* again," grumbled *Dan Cona*.

"I'll drive her home," said *Mack*, "it's not so *Farr*."

Nina D'Ancona

Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer

The year starts out with snow and ice,
And skating is the thing.
The clouds are gray in the skies,
And the cold wind bites with a sting.

Then the sun comes out, warm and dry,
And melts all the ice and snow.
The color blue is in the sky,
And streams begin to flow.

The summer comes on us once more,
And everybody is singing;
The green grass serves us as a floor,
And everyone is grinning.

The air is cooled day by day,
The leaves begin to fall;
The children gradually stop their play,
And school-days come for all.

The winter comes on with a flash,
And people are bundled up warm;
The snow comes down in a dash,
And for summer, the people do mourn.

Adele Whitaker

Hurray! for Merry Christmas!

Hurray! for Merry Christmas!
For Santa Claus and toys,
With lots and lots of secrets,
For eager girls and boys,
With boxes in the closets,
Presents in the hall,
Mistletoe from ceiling,
A tree so straight and tall.
Hurray! for Merry Christmas!
Oh! isn't Christmas fun?
It's time to hang our stockings up,
Then off to bed we'll run.

Zonella Agar

The Eighth Grade

Nine little Eighth Graders
Squeezing through a gate,
Janet got caught
And that left eight.

Eight little Eighth Graders
Subtracting four from eleven,
Edith succeeded
And that left seven.

Seven little Eighth Graders
Counting the clock's ticks,
Nina lost count
And that left six.

Six little Eighth Graders
Saw a bee hive,
Adele went too close
And that left five.

Five little Eighth Graders
Standing before a door,
Ruthie walked through it
And that left four.

Four little Eighth Graders
Standing under a tree,
Zonella got hit
And that left three.

Three Little Eighth Graders
Have lessons to do,
Genevra got stuck
And that left two.

Two little Eighth Graders
Making up some puns,
Sue laughed too much
And that left one.

One little Eighth Grader
Eating a bun,
Nanette ate too big a piece
And that left none.

Nanette Magnus

Window-Pane Story Book

One morn when I woke up from sleep,
At the window-pane I took a peep,
Then I looked and there I found
A window-pane of soft white down.

Jack Frost visited us last night.
When he went he left a beautiful sight,
There were so many scenes on the pane,
Trees, meadow, brook and lane.

Jack Frost comes and then he goes,
And where he comes from one never knows;
So each morn when I take a look,
I always read Jack's story book.

Janet Forbes

CRISTIANO



Freshman Class

Jane O. Altman
Arlene Ruth Berkenfield
Myra Davidson
Barbara Glatt
Marjorie Griffin
Lois J. Hainsfurther
Mary Elliott Hayes
Doris J. Liebshutz
Elaine Louise Lyon

Ruth Jean Manaster
Muriel Elaine Marks
Muriel Jean Marks
Nancy Miller
Minna F. Sachs
Marjorie Shattuck
Barbara R. Steele
Eugenia Ann von Hermann
Peggy Williams

Sub-Freshmen
Jacquelin Englehardt
Hester Waples
Virginia Wilke

OFFICERS

President	Marjorie Griffin
Vice-President	Nancy Miller
Secretary	Myra Davidson
Treasurer	Lois Hainsfurther
Athletic Representative	Mary Hayes

Colors—Yellow and Royal Blue
Flowers—Larkspur and Tea Rose
Motto—Carpe diem

To Dewdrop
maybe between
us, will pass
this year. Don't
you think so?
Love,
Jane



"Come here, ju-jubee"—this from Jane. No, she's not calling a fellow Freshman, but Andrew Altman, her pet Scottie. Jane loves to write sentimental poems and is a wonder at amusing young children.

With you
half pines yellow.
Arlene Berkenfield



Arlene is my very companionable desk mate. Although she's new to us this year, we are very glad she is one of us.

to myself:

to write
"work
"read

"to have fun (always)
"to have good - many - what!!
+ to feel so

K's

As for myself, I've loads of ambitions, but I'll leave this space for you to fill in some rainy day. How about it, Freshmen?

Some day you will hear the golden voice of Jacky coming over the air waves and she will, by right, deserve all the credit because—well, have you ever heard her sing?

Barbara is new to us this year, but in the short time we've known her, we think she is great. She has proved to be a very fast worker and besides she always comes out with flying colors.

*Loads of luck
Barbara Clatt.*

Bidger is our president and we think she's about the grandest selection that any class ever made—and as for the girl, well, Bidge is the tops!

*Here's to our
long telephone
connection
Bidge.*



*For a
hunchback
you'll do!
Bidge
even wrong person
leave!!*



Lois is our writer, our famous poetess. Some day you will read her best sellers and then you will know that they are the very best. Also, incidentally, Lois is one of two people who have a Strauss craze. She simply adores the "Blue Danube." After all, can you blame her?



Mary is our athlete and one of the greatest sports we've ever known. We hope you win all the cups you deserve, Mary!



Doris would like to be president of the V. S. H. some day. We think that she would make quite a hit and we've already cast our vote for her.



Though Elaine's quiet, we know that she is with us, for we all have become fond of her in the short time that we have known her.

Ruth is new to us this year, but we think that she's just loads of fun and certainly she has a laugh that is most contagious, especially in class.



Wishing little
"my de," all
the luck in
the world;
Love
Ruthie.

Elaine is our traveler; as to you, Elaine, we wish all the happy voyages you would like to have. Elaine knows many of the interesting customs of Europe, particularly those of Switzerland, which has a great lure for Elaine.



Here's a girl
who's all
about Europe
Gladys
Elaine

Mickey, who looks like a lassie with her blue eyes and black hair, is our smallest. But you know the saying, "The best things come in small packages." Well, that's our Mickey!



Here's hoping
your ambitions
come true
Mickey
"mouse"

We think that Nancy is about the only vice-president that excels in horsemanship, work, athletics of most kinds and tops it off by having a keen sense of humor.



Lots of luck
Nancy

I love you!

My dear
Min, we have
singer and better
arguments.
Minna



Min is our milk-maid who constantly emerges from exams with A's; she's a grand girl and a lot of fun, always.



Marge is one of those people who can swing a hockey stick and actually go places with it. She's a great girl in sports and some day we expect her to become Miss Jones's able assistant.

To Marge,
a nurse and
a lovely dear friend
of mine, may all
wishes come true,
and most of all,
Don't forget me
Belo



Babs is our ballerina who expects to go into the Ballet Russe as Barbarina Stellanova. We anticipate great things of you, Babs; so kick high and reach your golden star of glory!



Eugenia wants to be a nurse, and we think she'd make a hit with her patients. One little inconsistency about Eugenia—she can witness an operation without a quiver, but when it comes to seeing a bitten-off pencil—well, Eugenia is then the patient.

you
will (?)
poem.

Hester always wanted to be a boy, but, really, we are quite glad that her wish was not fulfilled. We then should never have known her or been able to have her with us. By the way, Hester is a great clarinet player.



nothing much
to say so I
won't say any-
thing.
Loads of luck
Hester

Virginia is our country maid, who every day comes from far away to join our happy circle—and is she a faithful soul?



I don't have
anyone, but I
love you.

Virginia
Walke

Pegs is a dear and we are devoted to her. She radiates good cheer always, and she shines like the sun (see alliteration and simile).



Myra Dear:
You are
a real dear.
Myra I love
being in the
classroom.
Lots of love
Peg

Change of Seasons

Why is it?
No more does Apollo ride through the sky,
Leaving the sun as he goes by.
No more can be seen Clyties' Heliotrope,
That beautiful flower born of faithful hope.
No more is Narcissus seen by the sea,
Who for hours repeated, "I love me."
I know why.
Because Persephone is one of the ladies
Who must visit Pluto in deep, dark Hades.
Yes, another Olympiad has come and gone,
Taking with it the green-faced lawn.

Arlene Berkenfield

Wishes

I wish I were a dancer
Of talent and great fame;
I wish I were a singer,
With a grand and glorious name;
I wish I were an artist,
Whose pictures were renowned;
I wish I were a traveler,
Who traveled the whole world 'round;
I wish I were an actress,
Whom everybody loved;
I wish I were a flyer,
Flying the heavens above;
I wish that I could help the poor
As Jane Addams used to do;
I wish that I could feed the sick
And help the wounded, too;
I wish I were so many things
Impossible to be;
But I guess I'll have to be satisfied
With being just "plain me."

Lois Hainsfurther

'Tis Spring

The hum of the birds, the buzz of the bees,
The song of the wind, a stir of the trees,
The world is all rejoicing.
The blue of the sky with its feathery cloud
Is so perfect a tint that it gives you a hint,
The world is all rejoicing.
I hear, as any person may, the children
Who at play, laugh and sing and seem to say,
"The world is rejoicing."

Barbara Glatt

An Empty House

I'm a little old house with a slanted roof,
And my shutters are ragged and worn;
The paint's all off and the windows leak,
And the vines around are torn.

The door is bent and the hinges are off,
But never do I mind,
For I know some day my pals will come back,
The ones who were so dear and kind.

The grass is long, the garden alone,
And the bees need a new honey comb.
The boards on the floor want again to be
Once more in the forest being a tree.

And the rooms need new trimming and painting, too,
And the rest of me is lonesome and blue.
The walls are crumbling and fading away,
Oh! Old times come back some day.

But, oh! to hope for my childhood days,
When my master was here and the cows used to graze!
I'm an old house all ragged and worn,
I'm falling apart and everything's torn.

But I served my purpose with joy and ease
And glad that there was someone I could please.

Jane Altman

A Fish Out of Water

"Just write a poem," Miss Moulton said,
"Just write a poem or a story instead."
It sounded so easy, so simple, at first;
But when I got to it, my head nearly burst.
Now if it were foot work how glad I would be!
The reason for this—I'm a dancer, you see.
It's so much harder to make this poem rhyme
Than to spin and twirl always keeping in time.
Oh, dear! Miss Moulton, I'm a dancer, not a poet,
And when you read this, I'm sure you will know it.

Barbara Steele

Holiday on Olympus

Jupiter, having proclaimed a holiday, is wondering how he will spend the day. Just as he is going to open the "Mt. Olympian Tribune" to the movie section, Juno comes in.

"Say, Jupy, how do you like this new dress? Just the thing for Venus' formal next Friday night—and so reasonable. I got it from MARShall Field's, on sale in the basement!"

"Not bad, darling; I must say you have very good taste—uh—how much did you say it cost?"

"Oh, only eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents! Quite a cheap dress at that. Why, honey JOVEy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, dear, except you know we need to save on account of dear little Vulcan. He needs an operation so badly, for his foot is constantly getting worse," replies the ruler of all (except Juno).

"Oh, argus eyes," explodes Hera, "you're always bothering about that hateful son of mine—I just can't stand him!"

"All right, dear, what would you like to do today?" says Jupiter, steering the conversation into safer channels.

"Well, what's at the movie house?"

"Oh, at one, Mae Hest, and Harpo Mars, and at the other—"

"Oh, well," interrupts Juno, "I'd just as soon listen to the radio. My favorite programs are on."

The constant ringing of the door bell takes Juno hurrying to answer it.

"It is I," calls Diana.

"Oh, Diana, how are you, my dear?"

"Just fine," answers Diana. "I've brought my needle work along; thought you might like to sew a while."

"Yes, do sit down," replies Juno.

Jupiter hearing the women beginning to gossip goes out for a walk because he wants some fresh ARES.

Walking along, he meets Mercury. "Hi, there, old chap, where are you going?"

The reply is, "To Bacchus'. He's having a cocktail hour—open house, you know—come along."

"O. K. Don't mind if I do."

"Who's going to be there?" says Jupiter.

"Just about everyone, I guess," comes the answer.

The two gods upon entering the house are welcomed loudly by all.

The band plays a snappy fox trot, and everyone begins to dance.

Jupy chooses Vesta, who is looking very pretty in her cocktail dress of light blue.

Late comers arriving are Apollo, escorting his newest girl friend, Daphne; Ceres, who is chaperoning Persephone and Pluto, who are looking as happy as engaged couples have a right to look. But nevertheless, everyone could tell Pluto HADES to be chaperoned.

When the time comes to leave, Apollo drives them all home in his Cord, which is a sunny yellow.

Hera awaits her loving husband on his return with a telephone message from Minerva asking them over for bridge.

Well, to end my day on Olympus; this is just a typical holiday to which the gods always look forward.

Myra Davidson

Our Neighbor, the Squirrel

There is a little squirrel,
Often found on our front porch.
He wiggles his tail which is like a curl,
And his eyes gleam like a torch.

Many nuts he does eat;
Also many he does bury.
He considers nuts a treat,
Takes them to his family, furry.

He comes to the window 'most every day,
For the nuts to gather.
Neighboring squirrels he chases away,
So that he can eat and grow fatter.

Nancy Miller

The Storm

The sun hid behind the dark clouds,
The weather turned so cold,
To shelter ran the massive crowds,
While the thunder growled and rolled.

The lightning flashed across the sky,
The rain began to patter;
As the raindrops thickened bye and bye,
The noise changed to a clatter.

The sun, I guess, felt quite ashamed,
The clouds began to break;
And Sol, "Old Faithful," as he is named,
Came out for his name's sake.

Everything looks so clean and bright;
The storm is over at last—
The grass is green and the sky is light,
And everyone's glad the storm has passed.

Muriel Marks

Faces

Faces are so very queer—
Some harsh, others dear;
Some have lines so deep and old,
Others tell stories, some weak, some bold.

Some are youthful, full of bliss,
Some are beautiful, perfect to kiss,
Some are white and others brown,
Some are all colors like a clown.

Now aren't faces the queerest things,
As different as can be?
Yet everyone tells a story,
Don't you see?

Jane Altman

A Woman With Charity

The wind blew cuttingly down Michigan Boulevard, carrying with it gusts of snow, which hurled itself against the people hurrying by, each one huddled to the ears in heavy coats.

The day was drab and gray, and the hurrying people matched its mood. They, too, seemed gray and weary, tired with the burden of living, tired of trying to reach the top, while everyone else was doing the same.

In contrast to the dreary crowd, there stepped from one of the exclusive shops a woman, clad in a luxurious sable cape with a matching hat which perched becomingly on her exquisitely coiffured hair.

Although she really was about forty-two, she looked no more than twenty-eight. On closer inspection, an observing person could see that her face was blank, her limpid eyes shallow and her mouth without firmness and character.

She was a woman who had tried to cheat life by keeping eternal youth. She was a woman who had lived hard, fast and loose, thinking in her blunted, groping manner that she was having a good time.

Pity, charity, love, or any other emotion had never touched her. She never had had to give a thought to anyone but herself; so she was selfish, weak.

She was a pitiable sight, this woman who was nothing but a shell, who had never lived.

True, she gave to charity, but hers was not real charity, for she denied herself nothing in the process. The only reason she dropped a coin in the cup of the beggar on the street was that she hoped some society reporter might be near and in the paper she could read with satisfaction that she "was a most generous and charitable woman."

As she stepped into her expensive limousine and then was whisked away, the beggar stared after her and a light of recognition came to his eye.

She hadn't changed a bit since he had last seen her twenty years before.

Then, he had thought her blank blue eyes adorable, her inability to utter an intelligent remark just feminine shyness.

He was well rid of her now. True, he was a beggar, but some of the real emotions of life had been his and he had a full life to look back on.

Wasn't he really richer, after all, than that woman with an unlined expression on her lovely face?

Marjorie Griffin

Living and Learning

As the years roll swiftly by,
We learn by error and mistake;
Even though by chance we cry,
No more that error do we make.

Arlene Berkenfield

An Historical Rendezvous

"Peggy!"

My mother was calling me. She told me to go to the store to get some milk. After Mother gave me money, I left home, unaware of the strange adventure that was to befall me.

To get to town I had to pass the cemetery where such great people as Cleopatra, Napoleon, Henry the Eighth, Columbus, and Mary of Scotland were buried. The night was still and cold, and the silence was broken only by the wind whistling through the trees.

I was walking through the woods when, all at once, I heard some queer noises not far away. I walked to the edge of the road and standing there, not ten feet away from me, were two figures that looked as though they would be carried away by the wind. One had on a long dress with a heavy head dress, and in her hand she held a small asp. The other figure had on a pair of white pants with high leather boots, and a sword was hanging from his belt.

"This modern generation!" said he with disgust.

"I agree with you," answered the woman. "Lovers of today cannot compare with Mark Antony or my Caius Julius Caesar. Women of today rave about this Robert Taylor, but I think—"

"The armies are very weak. Why, if a war were declared, where would this country be? France could win, without a doubt. And the women, oh, the women, why, they don't even begin to compare with Josephine or Angela, wife of that Adverse fellow."

A strong wind blew my hair across my eyes, and when I pushed it back I saw another figure, standing with the other two. He had on a queer little hat that sat on one side of his head, doublets, and long, tight flannel stockings, with a sword in his belt.

"I was so restless lying in that wooden box that I thought I would take a walk and get some fresh air. It is so stuffy in my box. How is it in yours?"

"Très bien," replied the Frenchman.

"We have been discussing the modern generation," said the woman. "What do you think of this Robert Taylor?"

"Taylor, who is he?" asked the man in the queer hat. "I prefer Garbo, but of course, she can't compare with Anne Boleyn, Katherine of Cleves or Jane Seymore or Katherine of Aragon, a few of my wives."

"Back to my armies—I never would have been defeated had not some blundering peasant given me the wrong directions about the way to Waterloo."

"War, war, how sick of it I am! My poor Mark, my poor Mark," and she began to cry.

"Now, please don't cry. Come, let's go home."

"Oh, my Mark! Oh, my Mark!" And her voice thinned out into a whisper while Napoleon led her down the road and gradually they melted away. That was the last glimpse I ever had of Cleopatra and Napoleon.

Then I heard Henry the Eighth mutter, "Oh, my, I never had any luck, blast it! Guess I'll go home again. Cheerio!"

Peggy Williams

Guess Who?

1. What color is Noah's white cap?
2. Intelligent people dot their eyes.
3. A word to the wise is sufficient.
4. I'll cut off your head and throw it into the waste basket.
5. Isn't that just ducky; or is it not?
6. The Arab got lost in the desert.
7. Oh-h-h-h-h Weather-cock.
8. Halt one-two.
9. Did you report to study hall last Wednesday, Susie?
10. Girls, the second bell has rung.

B. Steele, J. Altman

A Ghost of a Time

Players: Ghost Number One—TIM
Ghost Number Two—MIKE
Ghost Number Three—PAT

Time: Twenty years before this date.

Place: A dark lonely road in the heart of Ireland.

Tim is walking up a lonely road, when all of a sudden a white thing jumps before him and says:

Ghost Two—"Boo-oo-oo-oo!"

Tim—"Who do ye think yer jumpin' at, anyway? Can't ye tell when ye meet a ghost, or a human person with flesh an' bones?"

Mike—"I am so sorry but ye see, sor, business is so bad that I just had to frighten someone."

Tim—"I know just how ye feel, lad; times are so bad now that ye can haunt only certain houses, and then ye don't get paid half as much as ye did twenty years ago."

Mike—"Say, if ye be so hard up, why can't ye and I be partners and look for work together?"

Tim—"That be a good idea. Ye see, I am lookin' fer one long lost brother. He's been ghostin' ever since the word started. Maybe, if we find him, he'll give us a few pointers."

Mike—"That be a nice idea. Let's start right now. I'm dying to haunt a house."

Tim—"I hear that Pat, for that's his name, is workin' at the Chateau Pue."

Mike—"Sav, vour brother must be quite a ghost to be hauntin' that place. Let's go."

Tim—"Wait! Who is this comin' down the road now?"

Mike—"If he didn't bounce so much, I'd say he was a human, but I guess he be just another unemployed ghost."

Tim—"Let's speak to him; he must be lonely."

Mike—"Hallo! brother ghost, how be business?"

Ghost Three—"Fine! and yours?"

Tim—"His hollow voice sounds like Pat's."

Mike—"Are ye the ghost that haunts the Chateau Pue?"

Pat—"That I be, but I needed a rest tonight. And who be ye?"

Tim—"I be yer brother, Tim; you remember me?"

Pat—"You don't mean you are a grown ghost now? The last time I saw you, you were just hauntin' apartments, and now you haunt houses?"

Tim—"That I do, when I can find work; me and my partner are members of the unemployed."

Pat—"Well, I think my chateau is too large for one ghost to haunt. You boys come with me."

Mike—"You're a real ghost, Pat."

Mary Hayes—'40

My Hound Pup

I have a little hound pup,
As cute as he can be;
He jumps right up and licks my hand
To say hello to me.
He loves to chase the chickens,
He runs them all about,
And you should hear them squawkin'
When he pulls their feathers out!

Elaine Marks

My Kitty

I have a little kitty
Who looks just like a bear;
The cutest thing I've ever seen,
Here, or anywhere.
His hair is nice and fluffy,
His eyes are big and round;
He is the nicest pet that any
Girl has ever found.

Elaine Marks

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
8		9							10
11	12		13					14	
15		16		17			18		
19			20			21			
22						23			
24				25	26		27		
28						29		30	
		31					32		
	33								

Thirty-five

A Favor

Do somebody a favor,
No matter how small it be;
Do somebody a favor,
And results you soon will see.

Do yourself a favor,
By smiling the whole day through;
Do somebody a favor,
And you'll drive away all blues.

Do nobody a favor,
Make everyone feel blue;
Do nobody a favor,
And see where it leaves you.

Laugh when anger gets you down,
Smile when you feel you're gonna' frown,
Grin when worries make you sad,
Follow these rules and you'll always be
glad.

Muriel Marks

Nocturnal Noises

We, by that I mean the seven or eight of us who hunted for some untouched land, came upon what we hunted for.

We hadn't been gone three hours, according to my estimate (I have been told it was about half an hour) when we came upon a forest, or maybe you could tell me what it was. It had about seven-eighths of the trees cut down and about twenty stumps remained. About two miles, a river, or a pond, or maybe it was just a stream, flowed gracefully by.

By what?

By the paper, string, orange peels, and apple cores. We then guessed we were not the first to hunt something that did not exist.

After we had pitched our tents, or rather after we tried to pitch our tents, we lay down and told ghost stories. The ones who told them were wide awake, while we who listened were half asleep.

All of a sudden we heard an immense roar, and we all got up to see what had happened. We looked and looked in vain. Finally we went back to bed thinking a rock had fallen somewhere. We were hardly settled in bed when the same roar came again. We got up again with no luck and went to bed again.

After it had roared several more times, I decided to go myself and see what had happened. I saw a black object off in the distance. Surely that was the cause. I walked past the stream (which seemed about half a mile from camp), past two fields and past one road. Then there was a louder roar. I lost my courage and began to be afraid. But the others were following me; so I kept going.

The roar was louder.

I kept going.

All was still. I took my courage in both hands, walking by many fields.

The roar was right beside, beside. Ten or eleven horses started galloping on the other side of the fence. I jumped to the side.

I had discovered the roar.

I turned to tell the others.

Where were they? Where was I?

Hester Waples

The Backs of Peoples' Heads

One night when sleep came not to me,
Though cuddled up in bed,
I yawned and started thinking of
The backs of peoples' heads.

I know this sounds most queer to you,
Though I'm really not insane,
But have you ever pondered on
The backs of peoples' brains?

I remembered how I'd stared one day
At heads placed row on row
And how I'd like to take a brush
And fix their hair just so.

Most people think of hair as just
A frame about the face,
But if they ever saw the backs!
I'm sure they'd take a brace.

Some fancy curls and others waves,
While still more prefer fluff;
And there are those with straggling locks,
Such awful looking stuff.

And I've found by true experience
That those with well-kept backs
Are the ones with personalities
That messy people lack.

Marjorie Griffin

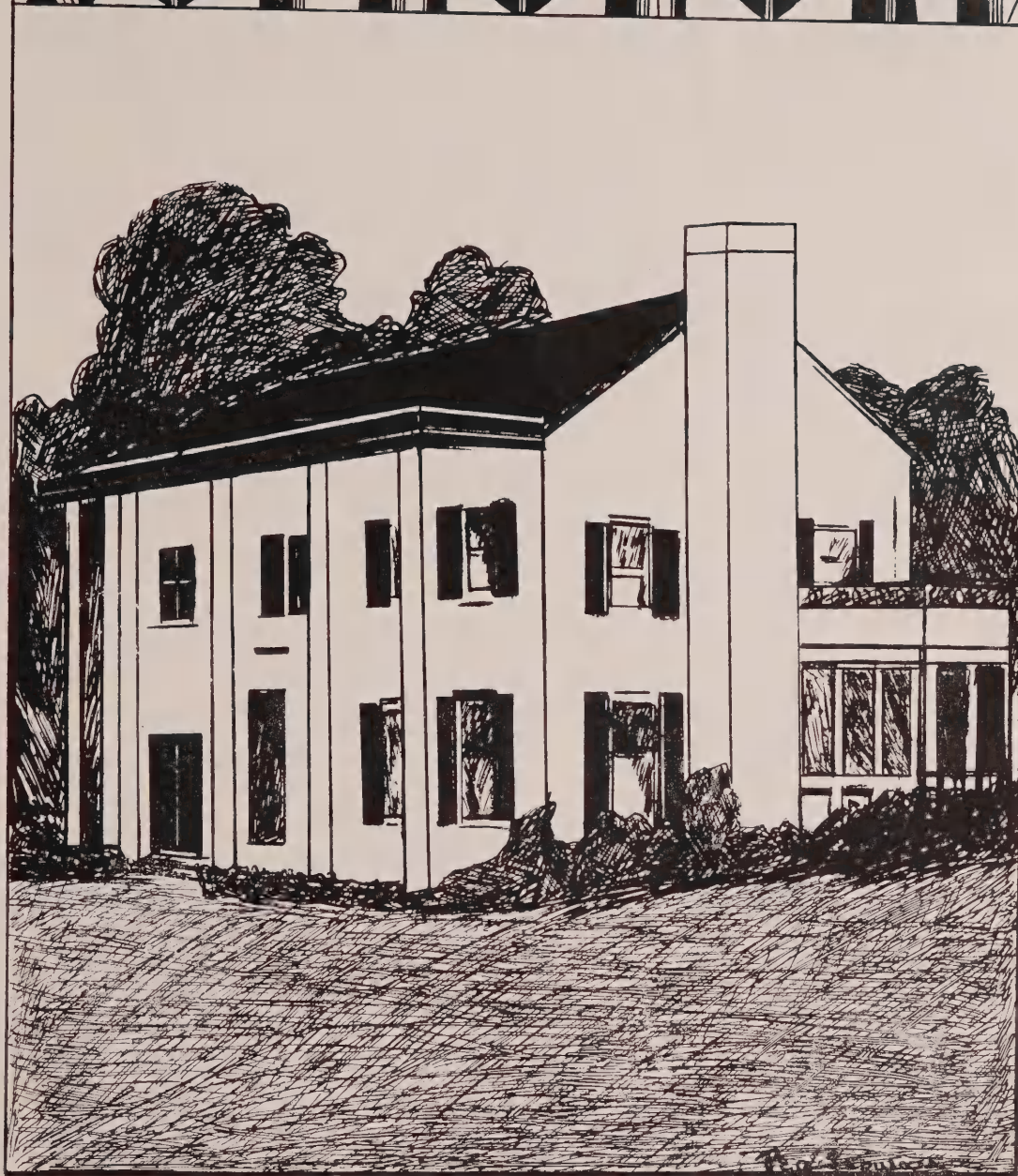
The Freshman Class

There is a freshie class in Faulkner,
Of which the school is proud;
Twenty-one girls are there
And all so sweet and fair.
Most for many years have been
Together in this school of theirs,
Through a good or bad condition
And to remain is their ambition.

Elaine Marks



NO PHOTO



Sophomore Class

Genevieve Bernstein
Marguerite Boyle
Caroline Camp
Betty Ann Cohn
Polly Harsha
Betty Hubbard
Doris Kimball
Lenore Kurzweil
Courtney McGrath
Libby McKey
Peggy Meadows
Catherine Strandberg
Jane Switzer
Marilyn Wharton

Sub-Sophomore—Harryett Taxman

OFFICERS

President Polly Harsha
Vice-President Marguerite Boyle
Secretary-Treasurer Libby McKey
Athletic Representative Courtney McGrath

Colors—Blue and Gold

Flowers—Yellow Tea Roses and Delphiniums

Motto—Veni Vedi Veci

Let's See How Bright You Are

Gegyp Wesamod—L'artiste.
Rehtcenia Tarsbgynerd—Une amie de l'enfant.
TebytO Oec Bahdurb—Notre dictionnaire.
Lapyl Sahrha—La photographie.
Nyramil Rowhant—La comedienne.
Agolir Senoln—Douce et simple.
Bibyl Kymec—Le savant.
Sodir Lakmilb—La maitresse du gymnase.
Relnoe Welzukri—Une nouvelle venue.
Neja Zrewtis—Elle vient de Californie.
Veegnivee Tinbenres—Une bonne amie du president.
Nilecora Pacm—Le philosophe.
Tyconure Tahcrmg—L'athlete.
Ytebt Nan Honc—La danseuse.
Tytrarh Xantam—La deine des bonbons.
Tegremiura Yelob—Cet auteur.

Marguerite Boyle

Genevieve is an asset to the Philanthropic Committee, and the Derby couldn't get along without Genevieve and her horses.



We could not get along without *her*! She is the diplomat of the Sophomore class and universally loved and admired. The family car and her brother are also much appreciated.



We are sure that the Tardiness Committee would go out of business without Caroline, and we know that the French class would not be the same if she came in calm and collected—that goes for her socks and belts, also collected.



Ten nights at the Ballet Russe is Betty Ann's quota. Her rendition of chopsticks, with one of the co-authors, affords much pleasure to the teachers.



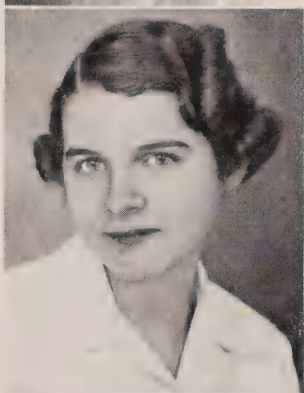
Dear Myra,
Here's
wishing you
all the luck in
the world.
Betty Ann



Polly loads a mean camera, and her candid camera shots of people and squirrels are not appreciated. Her executive ability makes us glad we chose her as president, and of course we can't get along without her opinion of what the well dressed woman will wear.



Betty's another one of our Number 1 students. Wouldn't we like to get a few of her A+'s. Her main hobbies are drawing and winning the prizes in "The Time Magazine's" test. Although she wants to practice medicine with Libby, we have much more hopes of her becoming an artist or singer.



Doris is our Number 1 scholar, but she isn't too wrapped up in her work to stay home nights when a certain person calls! Our demure little Doris!



Our stage-struck Juliet (Hallowe'en party) has a French accent that would be sadly missed by her classmates. She gets in more words per minute than Miss Moulton and that's a record.

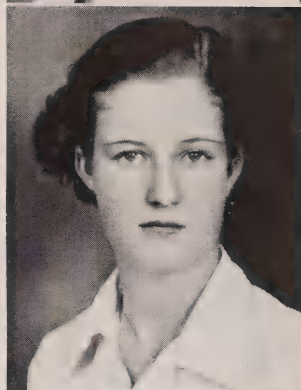
To our Mr.
Hause's admin's
(Some pictures!)
"Libby."

Myra--
"You're just
too marvelous"
"Sweet: is the
word for you"
All the best
in the world
and then some
Love,
Leanne.

Courtney is certainly cut out to be a sports announcer as her talented stunt in F.A.A. initiation proved. As our athletic representative, she does her duty nobly.



"Lib's" another A Number 1 scholar. Perhaps it has not anything to do with it, but she goes around with the other Number 1 girl and two of a kind, you know.



Peg is the class heart-breaker and always gets her man? She's also an aspiring artist and some of the Year Book pictures bear witness to her ability. What should we and Polly do without her in English?



*I hope I'll catch up with you in English some day!!
Love
Peg*

We only wish that we were half as brilliant in geometry as "Pud". Although she's tall enough to drop the ball in the basket, she does not regard it as an asset and envys all smaller girls. "Pud's" also an ardent reader of the "Sub Deb" column and gives short sermons daily.





Just plain easy going—that's Jane. Her singing (?) will *some* day prove a joy to *some* one (we hope). Of course, Chicago can't be compared with California, but she likes us second best, and we hope that she will stay with us.



"Tacky" has a Southern accent, although she won't admit it, and thinks that Chicago can't compare with St. Louis. However, she rather likes *what's in* Chicago.



Dear Myra:
I hope your
box off corresponds
ent. keeps.
you occupied
with letters
loads of love
and luck
Marilyn

Marilyn has a remarkable and removable brace, as Catherine knows ('specially in Geometry). As the class cut-up, nobody could possibly rival her.

A Toast

Hail to Faulkner,
Dear to our heart!
Hail to the teachers,
Who give us our start!
Hail to the students,
Both large and small!
But here's to the Sophomores,
The best of all!

Courtney McGrath

Magic Mirror

There was at one time in Bavaria a man who was able to make very unusual glass mirrors. He had a young son who was unable to romp and play as the other boys did, because he was crippled and his father could not afford to give him the necessary medical care.

The King of Bavaria, who was suspicious of the actions of the young queen, sent for this old man asking him to make a mirror that would reflect all the evil traits of his wife.

This old man had made many magic mirrors but he had never attempted to make one of this description. With the help of his son, he toiled and toiled for weeks. Finally he mastered his problem and manufactured a perfect mirror, the only one of its kind.

He immediately carried the completed mirror to the king who rewarded him highly.

He had the mirror framed in gold, set with emeralds, more beautiful than even pen can describe, and had it placed in the queen's boudoir. When the king found that the queen was spending a great part of the time with one of the courtiers, he became very cruel to her. She realized finally that it was the mirror that was causing so much trouble.

She had the old man exiled from the country saying, "You shall not return until you make a mirror revealing only my good and worthy traits."

The poor man struggled very hard to make a glass that would suit the queen's wishes. Finally he produced a mirror twice the value of the first one.

This mirror brought the king and queen together again. For this, the old man was rewarded richly, and his son was cured of his infirmity.

Doris Kimball

A Fish Story

One day we went fishing with our hooks and rod,
Our minds intent on catching cod;
The day was hot, the boat it leaked,
And water through the planking seeped.
He cast his line with ease and grace,
But my hook caught in my fishing case.
I started all over, but luck was ag'in,
And he caught his hook in a fish's fin.
A cloud came over the waters blue,
And the wind came out and blew, and blew;
By this time 'twas raining "cats and dogs",
So I jumped into my slicker and togs.
I caught only a cold in the head,
While he caught a cod just as heavy as lead.

Libby McKey

Zoo or Aviary?

One day, on the way over to the hockey field, the girls started to kid me about eating all the time. Ann called me "Piglet" which, now, everyone seems to think is a compound of my name. So, I, going back to my far away childhood (?) quickly returned with "Pooh, Pooh"! After that it became a fad to copy the book, "The House at Pooh Corner." As you probably know, in it there was "E yore", a very melancholy horse who had just built himself a shack of sticks, when "Pooh" and "Piglet", feeling sorry for him, came along and, not knowing that it was a house, took it apart and built it all over again.

Well, as it happened that day, Betty Hubbard had just surrounded herself, so to speak, with a wall of candy and pastry, which Ann, "Pooh", and I, "Piglet", quickly disintegrated. Betty said that it was a treacherous thing to do, but, when we bought her a taffy apple and christened her "E yore", as in the book I have already mentioned, everything was dandy.

In the next few days, new characters kept popping out at us, and we just had to have someone characterize them, and this is the outcome:

Polly, always bouncing from one person to another and eating, had a striking resemblance to bouncy "Tiger", who always ate "Baby Rue's" cod-liver oil tablets, and we thought that Catherine should be "Baby Rue" 'cause she's so nice and has great big soulful eyes like a baby.

After that along came Mar-g-rite whose temperament is impeccable just as a mother's should be; so she was nicknamed "Kanga" (Rue's mother). "Rabbit" loved flowers, and so does Doris, and now she's not Doris but "Rabbit". (Doris has very, very small ears.)

Caroline likes to jump around, and "Christopher Robin" liked to jump over the lines at the zoo; so now we've a "Robin" in the class. Besides our Robin, we have the wise "young" Owl, Libby. Quite an aviary, eh?

Peggy Meadows

The Flavor of Life

You must taste the bitter and the sweet;
You must know success and learn defeat.
We should work and we should play,
Yet be thankful for a rainy day.
Laughter and tears walk hand in hand;
Accept them on the firmest stand.
Remember things can't always be
"Just right" for you and me.
Give thanks to our God above
For His guidance and His love.

Lenore Kurzweil

Point Lobos

Soft swishing waters, whispering gently to hard brown rocks, seaweed swaying gently as grass on a breezy day. Small gnarled pine trees hanging to sheer rock, where no human being could ever hope to go. Small, sweet, white flowers scattered in places protected from the wind, and small splotches of grass on dark, dark earth; this is Point Lobos on a calm day.

There is nothing quite so peaceful as to go out to the very tip of the point and stare down, down, down, into the deep green-blue water. As it swells and falls, filling and emptying small caves, it makes odd plopping sounds that repeat and repeat, making a noise monotonously pleasant to the ear.

Far in the distance you can hear the seals barking to one another, to the sea, or anything else they can think of to bark at, and occasionally you can see two or three shiny, black backs and little noses appearing as some stray seals go to join their playmates on the rocks.

As you look far out to sea, to the right, and to the left, there is the deepest, most breath-taking blue water with, perhaps, in the distance, a lumber schooner from Seattle, or a Norwegian freighter bound for the canal.

If the fish are running, you might even see a fleet of fishing smacks from the Italian colony, all painted blue against the blue water. The Italians paint their boats blue because that is the color for Mary, and her son was a fisherman.

Back near shore the many colored anemones cling tightly to the rock, and to the right stretches a long, white, curving beach with seagulls floating lazily over it.

Jane Switzer

Pep

Vigor, Vitality, Vim and Punch—

That's Pep!

The courage to act on a sudden hunch—

That's Pep!

The nerve to tackle the hardest thing
With feet that climb, and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—

That's Pep!

The Spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the darkest frown—

That's Pep!

That loves its neighbor and loves its town,
To say, "I will", for you know that you can,
To look for the best in every man—

That's Pep!

To meet each thundering, knock-out blow,
And come back with a laugh, because you know
You will get the best of the whole big show—

That's Pep!

Genevieve Bernstein, '39

Do You Blame Her?

"Hey, Maw! What didja do with my shoe laces? How do ya expect me to look decent if ya hide my shoe laces?"

"Lan' sakes, child! What do you think I'd want with your old shoe laces, anyway? I'm sure I don't know where they are. You've probably broken them and forgot to get more."

"Well, if you haven't got them, Jane must. Come on, Jane, spill it. What didja do with them now?"

"Oh-h-h-h dear, Bud darling, I re-a-l-ly didn't know you needed them. I just had to have them, because I didn't dare cut up your pajamas and I did need some bows for my hair so-o-o-o badly."

"My gosh, a guy can't even keep a pair of shoe laces anymore without having them made into a pair of hair ribbons. Come on, gimme a dime."

"Help! Mother, come quick, look what Blackie did to my brace!"

"Oh, what is it now? Why Barbara, how on earth did he get hold of it? He's completely ruined it. Oh well, just another twenty-five dollars gone to waste."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! Blackie broke Barbara's false teeth, and she can't wear 'em anymore."

"They're not my false teeth, they're my braces, and anyway - they - can - be - fixed. Boo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo."

"Oh, Bud, now see what you've done. Now go to your room at once and take this dratted dog with you."

"Say, dear, I've been thinking. Why don't I get some good-looking shirts such as you buy Bud? He gets everything, and I don't get a thing. I think it's high time you paid some attention to me."

"Oh, dear! If it isn't one thing, it's another. Sometimes I wonder why I don't leave you for a week or so, and maybe when I got back you'd appreciate me more."

Marguerite Boyle

The Sophomores Sing

Harryette Taxman	"St. Louis Blues."
Caroline Camp	"But Where Are You?" In English.
Libby McKey	"When a Lady Meets a Gentleman Down South."
Doris Kimball	"Did You Mean It?"
Marguerite Boyle	"Oh Where! Oh Where! Can My Little Dog Be?"
Catherine Strandberg	"Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread."
Courtney McGrath	"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."
Betty Cohn	"I'm In a Dancing Mood."
Betty Hubbard	"A Star Fell Out of Heaven."
Marilyn Wharton	"The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round."
Genevieve Bernstein	"Sweet Genevieve."
Jane Switzer	"Show Me the Way to Go Home."
Leonore Kurtzweil	"Smilin' Through."
Polly Harsha	"We Do the Darndest Things"!!
Me Myself and I	

Geometry Problems

Denny Mason wondered what she could do about it. She was as popular as she could be among the girls of her class, but she couldn't seem to make friends with the boys. It wasn't that she wasn't pretty, but that she couldn't be her natural self with boys, and she racked her brain to discover a way to win their friendship. But no matter how long she pondered over this problem, she couldn't think of a way, until one day the matter was practically taken out of her hands.

She was sitting in the geometry class working her problems correctly in one-half the time it took some of her less fortunate classmates. She finished her assignment and was idly glancing around the room at her chums, when she noticed that the boy sitting beside her was laboring over his statements and reasons, unable to solve them.

"I'd like to help him," pondered Denny, "but I suppose he'd suppose I just wanted a chance to show off how well I could do them."

Suddenly a thought struck her, and she caught it on the rebound.

"Maybe he'd like me to help him, and in that way I could make friends with him and meet his friends and become popular."

So Denny offered to help Davy, and, after a suspicious look had crossed his face, he accepted her offer still a little doubtfully. They progressed famously after that, and each day Denny would help him with his geometry. Sometimes a friend of his would ask help, and Denny would gladly help him. Day after day this went on, and each day Denny hoped someone would invite her somewhere.

Imagine her surprise when she came to school one day and Davy asked her to come to his house for a little party with some of his boy friends. Denny happily accepted, and at four o'clock she walked up the front steps. Davy met her at the door and with an engaging smile showed her in. Her brown eyes brightened when she saw the little cakes and root beer on the dining room table, but her blond head was filled with apprehensive thoughts when she saw school books laid out on the table in the living room. Her worse fears were realized when Davy triumphantly ushered her into the living room and, after seating her in a chair, said with a pleased smile,

"Now we can begin our geometry problems."

Marilyn Wharton

Correct Behavior

It was the night of nights! The cream of society in Coalport was there. Mrs. Van Potts, Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Newton-Phipps, and Mrs. Colchester were all in the most prominent places. If anyone had asked you where the Messieurs Van Potts, Schuyler, Newton-Phipps, and Colchester were, you would have looked blank, because, though there were such gentlemen, they were kept in the background; for, while they were good enough to make the money to keep Coalport going, they weren't good enough to grace such functions. Some of the irreverent few said that these gentlemen wouldn't be seen dead at these functions, but, of course, that wasn't true.

There was a double row of stags selected from Coalport's exclusive list of highly eligible young bachelors (the ones who possessed white ties and tails and Emily Post's book on etiquette) and grass-widowers.

The occasion was a ball to which all the cream and a few of the diluted bluish-milk of society were bidden to come. The guests of honor were the debts who had just blossomed.

The ball was in full progress, but there was a state of unrest in some quarters, because the most eligible bachelor, Carlton Leigh, had not arrived. They were seriously considering not putting him in the next edition of the Blue Book when they were diverted by a stir among the dancers nearest the door. They parted in order to let someone through. Carlton Leigh, to the great surprise of all, appeared, and on his arm was a young lady so beautiful that she could be nothing less than immoral! All the chaperones raised their lorgnettes. (They didn't need them, but all the New York dowagers had them, so there you are!)

Mr. Leigh reached the line of ladies and asked permission to present his escort.

Mrs. Newton-Phipps raised her eyebrows and her lorgnette again, and assented.

"Mrs. Newton-Phipps—Miss Carlotta Alexander, my fiance, late of the 'Scandals'. Mrs. Van Potts, Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Colchester."

Four icy blue-blooded voices chorused, "How do you do!"

Then silence fell.

Carlton Leigh shrugged and turned to Carlotta.

"Will you dance now?"

"Of course, darling," she replied. "It's been so nice meeting you," she spoke saccharinely to the stately towers of society.

Then off she glided with Carlton.

There was a dead silence for a moment, then the air resounded with sibilant and torrid cat-like remarks.

"Hussy!"

"Vamp!"

"Imagine Carlton Leigh falling for that chit! I can remember when his mother used to dress him in Buster Brown suits, and now he runs around with *that*!"

Suddenly there was another stir, this time more surprised than before.

A grim-looking dowager walked up to the chaperones.

"It's Mrs. Sylvester Mortimer."

There was an awed silence. Mrs. Sylvester Mortimer was to Coalport what the Vanderbilts and Morgans are to New York.

"Good evening," was her somewhat frosty greeting.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mortimer," came four somewhat hushed and awed replies.

In a few minutes she was seated in their midst, hearing the gossip. Of course the ladies were very careful to say nothing that could offend Mrs. Mortimer. If she invited them to dinner, they could die happy. An invitation to dinner was nothing short of an accolade by the king; so they had to be careful.

They were sure that the news about Carlton Leigh would please Mrs. Mortimer, because they knew she was a bigger snob than they.

"Which one is she?" queried that august lady.

"The one in the black dress," said Mrs. Van Potts eagerly.

Mrs. Mortimer looked, then rose, and majestically drawing herself to her full height, she spoke.

"I shall wish you good night. Will you please discontinue calling at my home," and so saying, she withdrew.

"My word!" the ladies gasped.

A few days later as the four ladies were at Mrs. Van Potts', organizing the ball to be given for the "Afflicted Children's Institute of Coalport" by the Matrons and Debutantes of the town, Mrs. Van Potts' butler, Hamlet, came in with the paper, folded at the society page.

The entire page was covered by one large picture and the small article under it.

"Mrs. Sylvester Mortimer announces the engagement of her niece, Miss Carlotta Alexander, to Carlton Leigh.

"Mr. Leigh and his bride will reside in Coalport after their marriage and take over the direction of Coalport's society.

"Miss Alexander has for some years been prominent in New York society and took a small part in last year's 'Scandals'."

There was dead silence. Four ladies looked at each other in amazement and horror.

"Well!" they gasped.

Betty Coe Hubbard

A Ripping Race

No more appropriate setting could be found than the State Fair Park with all its spectators for a practice race between two competitors for the state cup.

Their tiny so-called bugs, freshly polished, fairly glistened in the sunlight as they were rolled into place.

Finally all was ready, the gun popped, and they were off in a dash, the hope of world renown urging them on.

The youth occupying the fiery red bug clinched his teeth, gripped the steering wheel with the strength of a Cyclops, drove the accelerator to the floor board and whizzed ahead of the blue bug and for a split second was ahead. But the blue bug, not to be outdone, dashed ahead, leaving nothing but grimy dust in his path.

Farther and farther they struggled on for victory. Side by side they whizzed around the corner.

A sudden muffled roar from the crowds. What had happened? The clash of steel against wood—the dead silence following—then the questions: Was he alive? Was he dead? With a jump and a leap he sprang from the car, leaving the sizzling red flame to devour the tiny red bug.

Doris Jean Kimball



INTERIOR



Junior Class

Jane Ellerd
Patsy Bankard
Shirley Burton
Marjorie Davis
Mary Dean
Priscilla George
Anne Nicholson
Ruth Panama
Doris Reissenweber

OFFICERS

President Jane Ellerd
Vice-President Shirley Burton
Secretary-Treasurer Patsy Bankard
Athletic Representative Marge Davis

Colors—Blue and Silver

Flower—Cactus

Motto—Verbum sat sapiunt

Habit

Breathes there a girl who has not said,
"Tomorrow, I'll get out of bed
At five o'clock and study, till
The breakfast bell rings, with a will"?
Breathes there a girl who has not said,
At five A.M., "How good this bed
Doth feel," and sleeps till after eight,
Then wondered how she slept so late?

Marjorie Davis

Youth

Youth, so fresh, so gay!
Yet so sad in a way—
We all have a fleeting taste
Of the joy and the pain it brings; then in haste
Slides into oblivion as maturity
Enfolds us in her full cloak.

Shirley Burton

Jane, "our pride and president," who is filled with polite patience for people who double lock car doors on wintry days. I'm sorry, Jane.



Pat, meek as a lamb with a pun for almost any occasion. Although she has not been with us long, seems as if we've known her for years.



If Shirley's marks don't convince the teachers that "Pudge" is a scholar, perhaps the armful of books, flat-heeled shoes, and goggles will do the trick.



Marge—a gentle little redhead—"after all is said and done, there is really only one."



Dear Myra.
Best of
luck to a
swell gal and
a gal in
Naleroze.
Love "Pudge"

Dear myra,
I hope we
can be in a
study period
next year too.
Luck & love to you
always.
Marge
P.S. your little
savings are great.

Mary
 doesn't study
 Period by next
 Hop in
 next year
 Mary



Mary, merry—not contrary, the joy of our teachers and an all-around good sport.



"Peter", our "social butterfly", tries to hide her brilliant mind 'neath that mass (mess) of brown curls, but you can't fool us!



Ruth, our sophisticate, who believes in being thoroughly comfortable during study—even to relaxed feet. Don-u, Ruth?



Anne, the "efficiency expert", capable, poised and oh, what humor! Her originality is sometimes too much for us. I'd like to see her co-starred with W. C. Fields—eh, my little heckle-house?

Doris, "the model from Saks", through her willingness and desire to coöperate in every way, is an addition to our ranks.

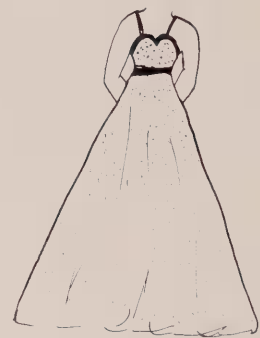


The Haven

There is a place, a quiet place,
A restful place. I know,
Where a winding river whispers
To the willows hanging low.
The grass along the river bank
Is green as green can be;
Contrasted with the blossoms white
'Tis beautiful to see.
High in the sky's cerulean blue
The clouds go drifting by,
While gentle South Breeze blows a kiss
To violets sweet and shy.
The butterfly then calls to see
His lovely lady fair,
The dainty, dewy daffodil
Waits for her "Debonair."
The water-lilies float upon
A deep and stagnant pool,
Surrounded by a mossy patch
Dark green and damp and cool.
So to this place, this quiet place,
This restful place, I go
Where a winding river whispers
To the willows hanging low.

Doris Reissenweber

Fashions of the Junior Prom



The Faulkner Junior Prom might have been called a fashion show. The girls were dressed beautifully. Jane Ellerd, the class president, looked very attractive in her gown of peach moiré taffeta, fashioned along princess lines with 108 tiny buttons down the front. Shirley Burton, also known as "Pudge", was there in a stunning black net formal. Gardenias in her hair and long white kid gloves completed the ensemble. Mary Dean's gown of white net, with medallions of brightly colored flowers was gorgeous. A red chiffon handkerchief added a striking note. Patsy Bankard was a dashing figure in red taffeta. I caught a glimpse of Priscilla George as she ran about the dance floor in a formal gown of black taffeta sprinkled with rhinestones. Ruth Panama's gown consisted of a very full brown skirt with a red jacket and peplum. She was very striking. Doris Reissenweber looked glamorous in a very formal gown of white moiré trimmed with gold lamé. Her accessories were of gold. Marjorie Davis wore a rose taffeta gown with a swing skirt and a peplum jacket which had large puffed sleeves. Rhinestone clips were in her auburn hair.

Cute, Isn't He?

"O, isn't he the cutest thing?
(I'd like to break his neck)
And does he always play like that?
(My shoes are just a wreck).

"It's mighty sweet to say he's cute;
Some people might get angry,
He is a little wild, I guess,
But then, he's awfully friendly.

"Goodbye, I'll call again some day,"
(When Spot's dead and buried;
In fact, into the grave I'll see
That little soup-hound carried).

Mary Dean

Study Period

Mary sat down at her desk and sighed so audibly that those near her turned and glared. "Why," Mary reflected, "do they have study periods? Oh, yes, study periods are necessary. But, when one has done all her homework the previous evening and this is the first period of school, what can one do in study?"

"Well, one can always whisper, that is providing the proctor does not hear one, but then she usually does. The next best thing is to sit and stare at the clock. A wonderful machine, the clock; the only trouble with it is, it's never the time one wants it to be. For instance, when one is in study period with nothing to do but sit and watch it, the clock barely moves. I'm almost certain it stops every other minute just to make me angry.

But when I'm at a party and I am supposed to be home at twelve o'clock, why five hours seem more like five minutes. I wonder how much longer this period is; let me see, it's twenty-five minutes after. Golly, the bell should ring any minute. Well, at last I've found a way to spend a study hour when I have nothing else to do. The answer is—to day-dream."

Patsy Bankard

Poor Dumb Bell Pomes

Watch, my children, and you shall see,
What Miss Moulton does to me:
She makes me write and rack my brain,
Which makes me just a bit insane.

I got five cents, what'll I get?
I haven't made my mind up yet;
I might get gumdrops nice and chewey,
Or I might even try some good Chop Suey.

Oh, little fly on my counterpane,
Oh, don't you wish that it would rain?
But if it rained, I would get wet,
And then I'd be—oh quite upset!

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie; [a plum,
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out
And said, "Aha—a fly!"

A Junior—Guess Who?

Who's Who in Faulkner

Dickie—Baby Face.

Sally—Personification of law and order.

Marge Klein—Never really buckles down to work.

Jane Warren—If only she were a little more particular about her appearance.

Helen—"Bye, Bye Baby."

Jane Ellerd—Her heart isn't in her work.

Ann—Here, you won't need these! 'r-r-rip—

Polly—She may get a little confused but she means well.

Courtney—Lacking in strength and vitality.

Doris K.—Have you ever seen an A +, Doris?

"Bidger"—S. S. and G.

Marge Shattuck—We wish she'd just pick up her feet and run a little faster.

Nancy—"Horses, horses, crazy over horses!"

Jane R.—"Thanks a million."

"Pudge"

More Dumb Bell Pomes

Pudgy's what we call our Burton,
Does she like it? Oh, for certain!

Ansy Pansy is her name—
Ann to you, just the same.

She's just "li'l Patsy" to us all;
Hear us shout that down the hall.

She hasn't any nickname, yet,
On account of Doris, we've just met.

Anything from Rufus to Ru,
But she's "Miss Panama" to you.

We called her "Deanie" all last year,
And so I'll call her that right here.

She's just our Ellerd; see her smile!
So call her Ellerd all the while.

I'd better stop before they say,
"Dumb bell, please go home and stay."

Priscilla George

"Date" Night

"But, Mother, we just *must* have dinner early. I simply *have* to be on time; Bill's always teasing me because I'm never ready when he calls. Oh, Mother, I do wish you'd help me—what am I going to wear? No, I can't wear the red crepe; he's seen it twice and that green wool is too warm to dance in, and we'll probably go dancing, and I never did like that old blue creation—I just haven't *anything* to wear! I think I'll wear this dubonnet crepe with your pearls—do you mind if I wear your pearls? Oh——, it needs mending; Mother, *please*; and while you're mending, I split a seam in my coat at Pat's last Sunday——. Mother, where are my good stockings? They're not in my drawer. Please help me find them—I have to bathe—and I'm going to be late! Mo — ther, please, come and wash my back—I *can't* get my hair wet. And, Mother, I forgot a towel—honestly, I've never been so rushed in my life! Ooops, worse luck I spilled the powder! I'm sorry, Moms—I'm just *so* rushed! Oh, fudge, I broke a slip strap, of all the luck! But I *have* to hurry, Mother!

Haven't you finished my dress yet? Oh, goodness, there's the bell! You'll just have to tell him that I took a nap and overslept and am not quite ready—and wouldn't you know it, just when I want to look my best my hair decides to hang. If men only knew the trouble we go through to look nice for them, they'd certainly be a lot more appreciative! I'm so jittery from hurrying, I won't calm down for an hour.

Thanks, dear, for mending my coat; I'll be home early—you don't need to wait up for me and don't worry about Bill's driving; he's always careful—G'-bye, Moms!"

Shirley Burton

The Year's Trail

My Very Dear Friends:

It seemed to me that I should make you wise, a bit, about the events of the past year. Whereupon, I shall try to give you that which I find listed in my diary.

September 14—"Reception Day."

Old ones, new ones, every one together.

September 15—Alas and alack! That day which is famous throughout the land of labor. For this finds us in school again.

October 14—Great doings have been performed by the classes. Dickie Golick, Jane Ellerd, Polly Harsha and Marjorie Griffin have taken the lofty elevation of class presidents.

October 26-30—Hear ye! Hear ye!

Mid-term exams.

October 30—"Suppressed Desire"—our Hallowe'en Party.

New, original, clever. Right?"

November 3—"Election Day."

For a change *we* had something to say about it.

November 4—Cheers, speeches, campaigning, what else but "Student Government" nominations!

November 11—A sound of lusty yells came forth in order that such young officers may enjoy the pleasure of sisterhood in "Student Government." Speeches by the new officers, Sally, Mary and Marge.

November 14—Ouch!

Report cards.

November 26-27—Thanksgiving recess. Two days to gorge. "Eat, drink and be merry—"

December 18—"Christmas Party."

December 21, 22, 23—Exams again? Vacation looms in the distance.

December 23—"The Junior Prom." Such a merrie time, so-called, was had by all.

December 23—The approach of Yuletide brings vacation time. (May we have two weeks of happiness.)

January 4—Comparing notes, dates, gifts; naturally school reopens.

February 10, 11, 12—Worry, worry, trouble, trouble.

Exams.

March 19—"The Drill." "Greens," "Whites."

Now we'll know, won't we, Mary?

March 23, 24, 25—They're here again.

Exams.

March 26—April 4—"Spring Vacation."

April 5—Ah, yes—school.

June 7, 8, 9—Enough said.

Exams.

June 10—At last the day has come.

"Commencement" and the "Senior Prom."

Summer vacation. See you next year.

Such, my friends, have been the high-spots of our school year 1936-37 A. D. I hope that none has been left out and, if so, may she accept my humblest apologies.

Signed in sooth—

Your friend of the English Class,

Jane Ellerd

Famous Sayings About School

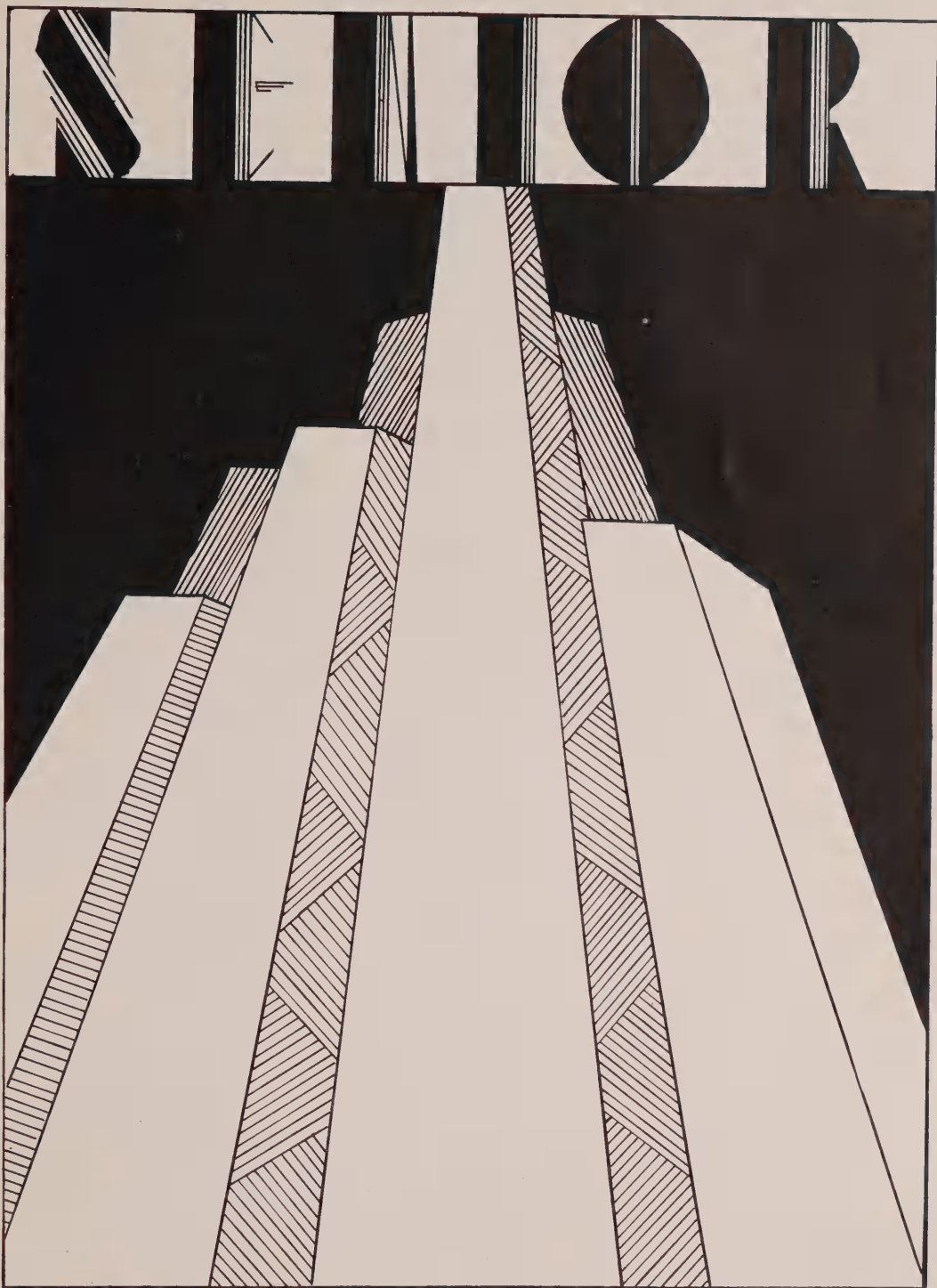
- "It doesn't make sense."—Miss Faulkner.
"Does it not?" (usually when it doesn't)—Miss Davis.
"The middle aisle goes down the middle."—Clever European history student.
"Good morning (innocently), do you have the car today?"—Numerous people, mainly Sophomores.
"Oh, I'm *sooooo* hungry!!"—A Sophomore.
"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet."—Lots of people.
"Let's stall!!"—First period, French.
"But I did study."—Defeated student in Latin (1, 2, 3 or 4).
"No, dear, you held your book."—Most any teacher.
"Unbelievably stupid."—Squelching remark to student who believes that she is listening until asked question. Given by Miss Jones.

* * * *

- "Midnight Blue."—Evening before exams.
"You turned the tables on me."—Exams.
"Pick yourself up."—After exams.
"Swing time."—Recess.
"Sing, Baby Sing."—Thursday morning about eight-thirty.
"Time on my hands."—Vacation.
"Too good to be true."—"A" plus.
"These foolish things."—Quotations.
"I can't escape from you."—Homework.
"Top hat."—Christmas prom.

Anne Nicholson





leg legman*

IN MEMORIAM



BERYL RAWLINGS

In loving memory of Beryl Rawlings who would have graduated with us and who for us will always live.

"We cannot think of her as dead
Who walks with us no more;
Along the path of life we tread,
She has but gone before.

"Her life is made forever ours;
What she to us has been
Has left hence forth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

"Ours she is by ownership
Nor Time nor Death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally."

Hosmer

Senior Class

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Frances Golick
<i>Vice-President</i>	Audrey Flower
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Peggy Lepman
<i>Athletic Representative</i>	Jane Rittenhouse

Colors—Vermilion Red and Black

Flower—Poinsettia

Motto—Labor Omnia Vincit

Senior Statistics

(As voted by the class)

	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>
Done Most for Faulkner	Hayes	{ Reynolds
Most Dependable	Bryant	{ Reid
Cleverest	Clarke	Hayes
Most Talented	Lepman	Reid
Best Natured	Bryant	Flower
Best Personality	Clarke	Rittenhouse
Best Athlete	Warren	Reid
Laziest	Warfield	Reid
Biggest Bluffer	Warfield	Hoexter
Best Company	Rittenhouse	Lepman
Best All Around	Reid	Golick
Most Intelligent	Hayes	Hayes
Most Reserved	Meyer	Klein
Most Original	{ Clarke	Boyle
Best sense of humor	{ Lepman	Hayes
First to get married	Clarke	Rittenhouse
	Reynolds	Rittenhouse



Katherine May Boyle

Freshman—Order Committee, F.A.A., Dox in "Ten Minutes by the Clock."

Sophomore—Order Committee F.A.A., Green Team.

Junior—Order Committee, Vice-President F.A.A., Green Team.

Senior—Chairman of Order Committee, Green Team, Left Half Hockey.

"Gracefulness has been defined to be the outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul."

Clash!! Bang!! Boom!! (P. S.—This can be anyone but Kay.) Now that we have told you what Kay isn't, i.e., clamorous and boisterous, we shall attempt to enumerate her attributes. Kay has a quick, keen sense of humor; an interest in all things, especially athletics; an eagerness to co-operate which she has shown throughout the year as head of the Order Committee, and hundreds of other things we all admire and love her for. So here's to you, Kay!



Barbara Bryant

Freshman—Dress and Appearance Committee, You in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," Second White Volley Ball Team, substitute on Freshman Basketball Team, F.A.A.

Sophomore—Philanthropic Committee, Pasquinot in "The Romancers," Second White Volley Team.

Junior—Philanthropic Committee, White Volley Ball Team, Basetball Team, Numerals.

Senior—Chairman of Philanthropic Committee, Volley Ball Team.

"An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

When we think of Barbara, it is of a girl dear to the hearts of all of us because of her sympathetic interest in everything and her willingness to co-operate at all times. We could have no one better suited to be the Chairman of the Philanthropic Committee, and Barbara has given a great deal of her time and patience to this work. Her cheery smile and whistle have been medicine to many of us on dreamy days, and so here's "hats off to a grand girl."



Betty Clarke

Freshman—Little boy in "Six Who Pass," Social Committee, F.A.A., Green Team.

Sophomore—Social Committee, Numerals, Hockey Team, Second Basketball Team.

Junior—Social Committee, Lady-in-waiting in "Twelfth Night," Sub on First Basketball Team, Hockey Team, Humor Department of Year Book.

Senior—Chairman of Social Committee, Hockey Team, Co-chairman of the Humor Department of Year Book.

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Betty is a girl whom everybody always likes to have around. Full of fun, pep and gaiety and always sympathetic, Betty can be counted on to help you out of a jam. And, if you're looking for a happy-go-lucky time, she's there and more than ready to lead the crowd. In other words, Betty is a swell gal, and, if you're looking for a real pal, Betty Clarke has our most emphatic stamp of approval!

Audrey Flower

Freshman—Third boy in "Six Who Pass," Second White Hockey Team; Order Committee.

Sophomore—Sylvette in "The Romancers," Second White Hockey Team, F.A.A., Social Committee.

Junior—F.A.A., Social Committee.

Senior—Vice-President of Class, F.A.A., Social Committee.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love."

"Ha, ha, ha"—that could come from only one girl in this class, and "only—more weeks" is another quotation by Audy destined to go down in history. Always happy and carefree (not a worry in the world, eh?), though beneath all this is an understanding which many of us lack. You are a grand hooter to all "points" north, south, east and west and, from one who knows, a real friend. Here's pulling for you to get all you want and ask for in the future as well as the present. (N.B. Vice-President.)

Frances Golick

Freshman—Queen in "Ten Minutes by the Clock," Fire Drill Committee, Sub on Green Hockey and Volley Ball Teams.

Sophomore—Fire Drill Committee, Second Green Volley Ball Team, Second School Hockey Team, F.A.A., Numerals.

Junior—Fire Drill Committee, Literary Committee of Year Book, page in "Twelfth Night," First Volley Ball Team, First School Hockey Team, Treasurer of F.A.A.

Senior—President of Class, Student Government Council, Co-chairman of Social Committee, Fire Drill Committee, School Hockey Team, F.A.A., Year Book Board.

"There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate."

"Here comes Dickie!" Watch everybody perk up and begin to smile, for we all know Dickie will have something funny to tell us or else her genuine good humor and animation make us all ashamed of our lethargic condition. Black eyes dancing, white teeth flashing, and black hair bobbing is a good description of our scintillating president. Congratulations, Dick! You are as fine a president as you are a girl.

Sally Hayes

Freshman and Sophomore (combined)—President of Class, Tardiness Committee, Year Book Board, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, F.A.A., Numerals, Athletic Representative, White and School Hockey Team, White and School Volley Ball Team, White Basketball Team, Mummer in "The Touchstone," Orgon in "Charming Leander."

Junior—Vice-President of Student Government, Tardiness Committee, Year Book Board, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, White School Hockey Team, White and School Volley Ball Team, White Basketball Team, Curio in "Twelfth Night."

Senior—President of Student Government, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Associate Editor of Year Book, White and School Hockey Team.

"The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions."

And now to the girl, whose co-operation, efficiency, scholastic ability, athletic prowess, generosity, sense of humor, etc., make everybody in this school elect her president of Student Government, we take off our hats. Sally, dear, if we land in Smith next year, I utter this one plea: "Please don't argue." Maybe Smith professors won't have the Faulkner patience, and I promise you that after this year of successful argumentation with you I intend to let you wear your laurels in peace. Anyway—if you run Smith as well as you've run Faulkner, you'll put it on the map.



My dear:
Sally,
electing
or anything
Sally and I
think
you'll find
the job
never
forget me
-H. Hay





Marjorie Hoexter

Freshman—Boy in "Six who Pass," Second Green Volley Ball Team.

Sophomore—Order Committee, Secretary of Class, Second Green Volley Ball Team, Second Green Hockey Team, F.A.A., Columbine in "Charming Leander," Strafford in "The Romancers."

Junior—Order Committee, Green Hockey Team.

Senior—Order Committee.

"Discretion in speech is more than eloquence."

There's something about Marj's quiet, conservative manner that leads you to believe she never has much to say. But don't ever try to rest your books on her desk, or you'll soon find her plenty loquacious. Not that Marj hasn't the most generous of hearts and the kindest of spirits. And the questions that goil can ask! But we're always willing to answer in hopes of hearing that New York drawl. By the way, what's happened to it?



Margery Klein

Freshman—Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Second White Volley Ball Team, Mime in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil."

Sophomore—Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Fire Drill Committee, Second School Hockey Team, F.A.A.

Junior—Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Class Secretary-Treasurer, Fire Drill Committee, White Hockey Team.

Senior—Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Associate Editor of Year Book, Secretary of Student Government, Fire Drill Committee, Dress and Appearance Committee, Student Government Council.

"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it."

When you're looking for someone upon whom you can depend, someone whose company you can thoroughly enjoy, someone who can keep correct minutes (Marge is Secretary of Student Government), and someone to "get" a subtle joke, our advice is to go straight to Marge. Although Marge's manner is unassuming, you'll always find her ready to help you and ready to boost along any good cause. We're all certainly going to miss you next year, Marge!



Peggy Lepman

Freshman—Gypsy in "Ten Minutes by the Clock," Class Basketball Team, Sub on Green Hockey Team, Second Green Volley Ball Team, Sub on Green Basketball Team, Philanthropic Committee.

Sophomore—Art Editor of Year Book, Co-editor of Humor Department of Year Book, F.A.A., School Volley Ball Team, Green Volley Ball Team, School Basketball Team, Green Basketball Team, Green Hockey Team, Numerals, Small F, Philanthropic Committee.

Junior—Art Editor of Year Book, F.A.A., School and Green Hockey Teams, School and Green Volley Ball Teams, School and Green Basketball Teams, Small F, Music Committee.

Senior—Art Editor of Kismet, F.A.A., Secretary-Treasurer of Class, Chairman of Dress and Appearance Committee, School and Green Hockey Teams.

"Men of talent are men for occasions."

A little bit dreamy, a little bit practical, a little bit serious, and a little bit silly, and very artistic—whom do you have? Peg, of course! Her drawings for three years now have made good ol' Kismet and if that isn't devotion I'd like to know what is! On top of all this artistic ability, Peggy can sing, too, and whether in later years she's the world's greatest artist or singer she knows that we are rooting for her.

Bernice Meyer

Freshman-Senior—In Burlington, Iowa, High School.

Senior—Tardiness Committee.

"Modesty is the chastity of merit, the virginity of noble souls."

Even though Bee is new this year we have all grown to know and love her; her quiet manner is something we might well strive to achieve. We are all glad you are here, and our only regret is that you did not join us sooner. Our class could have used more of your sweetness and practicality, and would that more of us had your conscientiousness and naturally curly hair!

Courtney Ann Reid

Freshman—Dux in "Ten Minutes by the Clock," Varsity Volley Ball Team, Sub Hockey Team, Green Basketball Team, F.A.A., Tardiness Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Literary Board of Kismet.

Sophomore—Vice-President of Class, Tardiness Committee, Numerals, Varsity and Green Hockey, Volley Ball and Basketball Teams, Kappa Lambda Epsilon, Literary Board of Kismet.

Junior—Business Manager of Year Book, Captain of Green Team, Varsity and Green Hockey, Volley Ball and Basketball Teams, Small F, Tardiness Committee, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

Senior—Editor-in-Chief of Kismet, Chairman of Tardiness Committee, Secretary of F.A.A., Co-captain of Varsity Hockey Team, Green Hockey Team, Kappa Lambda Epsilon.

"Love me, love my dog."

This probably won't go any further than the Editor of Ye Year Booke, on account of the fact that Nan is editor-in-chief, but the fact that the chairman of the Tardiness Committee (Nan again) has arrived at her first class for four years now at exactly 8:29 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock is a remarkable feat in itself and worthy of deep admiration. But then one cannot help envying Nan's musical talents (not that we can compare her with any other musician), her athletic ability and scholastic achievements. In other words, she's one grand girl!

Helen Reynolds

Freshman—President of Class, Katharine in "Katharine Parr," Music Committee.

Sophomore—President of Class, F.A.A., Social Committee, Student Council, White Team.

Junior—President of Class, F.A.A., Social Committee, White Team, Student Council.

Senior—Dress and Appearance Committee.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Helen is one of the finest girls you could ever want to know—and take this from one who has been with her since kindergarten days. For many years, as President of the class, she showed her ability and conscientiousness in guiding us through our "younger years." Helen will go far and we will miss her terribly next year. Please keep us all informed on the "Great Affair"—who's Davey Windsor, anyhow?



Dear Myrna
Best of
luck
always
Will miss
you
Friday
Bee

Dear Myrna—
I wish I
were going
to be here
longer to get
to know you
with my I
think you're
a peach!
Love & luck
always
Ho-
please visit
our next year
Helen

Dear Mary -
I am so glad
to hear from
you. I hope
you are well.
I am well.
I am so glad
to hear from
you. I hope
you are well.
I am well.



Jane Rittenhouse

Freshman—F.A.A., Green Hockey Team, Green Volley Ball Team, Class Basketball Team, Sub on Green Basketball Team, Athletic Representative, Page in "Ten Minutes by the Clock," Numerals.

Sophomore—Athletic Representative, First Color Volley Ball Team, Small F, Green Basketball Team, Social Committee.

Junior—Athletic Representative, School and Green Hockey Teams, Social Committee, Small F, Green Basketball Team, School Team, Humor Committee for Kismet, Social Committee.

Senior—Athletic Representative, Co-chairman of Social Committee, Hockey Team, Kismet Board.

"Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them."

"Hang on to your hats, girls—here comes Jane breezing by, and if you don't start running now she'll leave you miles behind." Jane's personality and pep are envied by every girl in the school and her popularity was only added to when she got that little green Pontiac. Jane's great generosity, sympathy, friendliness and cheerfulness are her greatest attributes, and if any of you have any of them to a tenth of the degree our Jane has you've got something.

Patricia Warfield

Freshman—Fire Drill Committee, Ballad Singer in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil."

Sophomore—Fire Drill Committee.

Junior—Fire Drill Committee, Music Committee.

Senior—Chairman of Fire Drill Committee, Chairman of Music Committee.

"A light heart lives long."

And here we have, shall we say, the "bard" of the Senior Class? What we mean to say is that Pat is the vocalist and piano virtuoso not only of our own class but of the whole school. We certainly feel that future recess periods will be decidedly degraded without Pat's "swing." In spite of her burdensome responsibility as head of the Fire Committee, Pat has somehow managed always to have a bright disposition on hand. Without her smile we Seniors would be lost.

Jane Warren

Freshman—Social Committee, Secretary-Treasurer of Class, Prologue in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," F.A.A., White Hockey, Volley Ball and Basketball Teams, Class Basketball Team, Numerals.

Sophomore—Order Committee, F.A.A., White and School Volley Ball Team, White and School Hockey Team, Small F.

Junior—Order Committee, Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night," F.A.A., White Team Captain, School and White Hockey Team, School and White Volley Ball Team, School and White Basketball Team, Small F.

Senior—Order Committee, President of F.A.A., White and School Hockey Team, Co-captain of School Hockey Team.

"Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good."

Point for the Whites—who made it? Janey, of course, you idiot. I don't know what's going to happen to F.A.A. and the White Team next year without her, because for four years now she has practically held them together. Wells College better begin pricking up its ears, because next September it's going to get one of the best gals that ever left this school, and that's saying something! Keep that chin up, Janey, and you'll revolutionize the world.

W. J. M. e,
It's been
such a long
time since
you were
in this room.
Best of luck
Pat.



Senior Index

Labeled: Bee
Guaranteed: ambitious
But: quiet
Sells by: sweetness

Labeled: Marge
Guaranteed: hard-working
But: giggles
Sells by: friendliness

Labeled: Pat
Guaranteed: lively
But: curious
Sells by: good looks

Labeled: Helen
Guaranteed: sensible
But: blushes
Sells by: devotion

Labeled: Audy
Guaranteed: talkative
But: bites her nails
Sells by: vivacity

Labeled: Barbara
Guaranteed: congenial
But: whistles
Sells by: being natural

Labeled: Nan
Guaranteed: T.N.T.
But: rises late
Sells by: animation

Labeled: Warren
Guaranteed: athletic
But: yawns
Sells by: capability

Labeled: Peg
Guaranteed: artistic
But: talkative
Sells by: enthusiasm

Labeled: Hoexter
Guaranteed: friendly
But: lazy
Sells by: good nature

Labeled: Sally
Guaranteed: responsible
But: argues
Sells by: sportsmanship

Labeled: Clarkie
Guaranteed: funny
But: likes bank nite
Sells by: personality

Labeled: Kay
Guaranteed: sweet
But: not too sweet
Sells by: smoothness

Labeled: Dickie and Jane
Guaranteed: peppy
But: silly
Sells by: ? ? ?

*Dickie Golick
Jane Rittenhouse*

A Good Girl

My parents told me not to smoke,
I don't;
Nor listen to a very naughty joke,
I don't;
To dance or sing is very wrong,
I don't;
I flirt with no man, not even one,
In fact, I don't know how it's done;
You wouldn't think I have much fun;
I don't!

Helen Reynolds

Perils of the Dinner-table

There had always been three meals in the Jones house ever since there had been a Jones house. And each member of the Jones household had always attended each of the three meals ever since there had been a member of the Jones household. And yet did any member of the Jones household stop to consider, as he was drawing his chair closer to the dinner-table what an ordeal he was subjecting himself to?

The sound of the dinner gong rings like some challenge in the ears of each Jones. He rises from his chair, straightens himself and proceeds to smile the smile of the conqueror. He confidently believes himself equal to any meal, and, with greater trust in himself than he shows at any other time, he draws his chair to the table.

Yet here at his dinner-table, Jones' greatest struggle begins. Gravy, strawberry jam, apple pie and cheese all encourage him and lead him on in his belief of conquest. He is never allowed to feel that he has devoured his limit. Jones realizes that he has reached his limit only after the meal is ended and would therefore be awkward to prolong.

Then, still smiling (although rather feebly), Jones pushes back his chair and, for lack of strength, remains in his chair, contemplating his next move. His next move is, and always has been ever since there began to be meals in the Jones household, in the direction of the couch.

Here, he contemplates the battle, criticizing his means of attack and solemnly vowing to consider every angle of the offer before he again sits down to a meal. Again he compliments himself on his readiness to admit his errors in approaching a meal. And thus the hours pass.

The challenge of the dinner gong again rings out, and Jones rises, straightens himself, and smiles the smile of the conqueror.

Sally Hayes

No, Nothing!

Something for the year book is my theme;
I've thought and pondered many days,
Everything has been done, it seems,
Poems, stories, and even plays.

Maybe tomorrow I'll have a storm
But they're few and far apart.
Today I have no thoughts or form,
So please, Miss Moulton, have a heart.

Francis Golick

A Narrow Escape

The sign said plainly "*No left turn*,"
But I was in a hurry;
So the policeman his pay did earn
And caused me plenty of worry.

"Pull up to the curb," to me he said,
"That sign says 'No left turn,'
There must be something wrong with your head,
You women drivers sure make me burn!"

"Oh, officer," very meekly said I,
"My father is very strict
And his patience I'll sorely try,
If you give me a ticket."

"Well," said the guy, "you don't look *too* dumb,
And maybe some day you will learn,
But be sure when to the next crossing you come
You turn *right* if it says '*No left turn*.'"

"Oh, I will; thank you, sir," and I smiled at the cop
As I gleefully drove away,
For, if I had had to tell my pop
There'd been more than a ticket to pay!

Courtney Ann Reid—'37

Words

Many truths, spoken without thinking,
Or blunt, false words which might have been retained,
Break hearts each day ere the sun is sinking,
And lose the opportunity they might have gained.

The word unsaid, which might have helped sincerely,
With which we felt we simply could not part—
Who knows how one small phrase had been held dearly?
Who knows how it might have helped one lonely heart?

Peggy Lepman

Impressions

Helen Reynolds—Park Avenue—long fingernails.
Bee Meyer—Lavender—lace.
Jane Rittenhouse—Saks Fifth Avenue—sophisticate.
Sally Hayes—Efficiency—scintillating wit.
Barbara Bryant—Champion—social work.
Kay Boyle—Cameos—quaint cottages.
Jane Warren—Girl athlete—blushes.
Margery Klein—Dignity—busy lady.
Marjorie Hoexter—New York—cream.
Pat Warfield—Night Life—pep.
Peggy Lepman—Permanents—enthusiasm.
Audrey Flower—Skyscraper—peaches and cream.
Nan Reid—Bologia—pixies.
Dickie Golick—Giggles—poise.

Betty Clarke

Autobiography

I entered Faulkner at the age of six,
And found myself in a terrible fix.
Miss Georgene and Miss Austin helped me through,
They taught me things I found were true.

From Miss Bacon I learned to appreciate art,
And Miss Pickens surely did her part
To send me on, Miss Farr to greet,
And there's a teacher that can't be beat!

In High School Miss Canfield took me on,
Miss Davis and Mrs. Haydon my affection won.
They helped me through some trying years
And calmed my growing, youthful fears.

I learned Greek heroes from Rebecca Mack,
And to get them in order is quite a knack.
In Spanish, Senora Craig I met.
In English, Miss Moulton, too, and yet
The guiding spirit through all this time
Was Elizabeth Faulkner. So ends this rhyme.

Barbara Bryant

Ode to the Cookie Jar

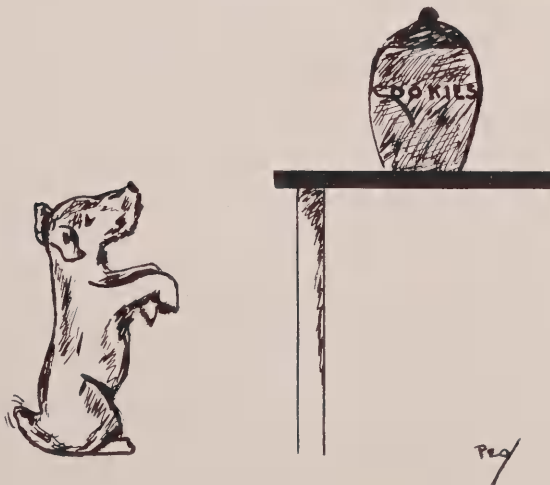
By SCHOTZIE LEPMAN

O, delightful, delicious scents
Rising from a white tin box,
Hear my heart-rending laments
Why have you so many locks?

Don't you know my little heart
Is really almost torn apart
By your spices, fragrant, sweet—
Oh, how I'd love just one to eat!
My tail goes flop, and then goes flip,
My nose just reaches by its tip
On to the table where you are,
You wonderful, glorious cookie jar!

My voice, though loud, is quite unheard;
You'd think I hadn't said a word,
And all the time I, begging, sit
For just one tiny, tiny bit—
You are so near, and yet so far,
You unforgettable cookie jar.

Peggy Lepman



Star Bright

In the frosty cold of a winter's night,
The sun's bright gold withdraws its light;
In its place a mystic fairyland is seen,
Of stars, sprinkled on a darkened screen.
Gazing upward into this starry plain
One star I see, most bright, and I would fain
Make a wish, just one longed-for desire
To be flashed to me by this tiny ball of fire.

Jane Rittenhouse

My Dog

My dog is a mutt, the soul of an aristocrat. Her lineage may be traced to many breeds and species. Her front half, we think, is Fox Terrier and her back half is Pointer. Neither of these is very plain.

Having been adopted into a family of culture, she has developed all the snobbishness of a Chow. She regards the other dogs of the neighborhood as mere commoners and she is the Queen. She objects strenuously to men and women in working clothes. Grocery boys, plumbers and scavengers are her particular aversions. But she is a perfect lady whenever very well dressed callers come to call.

In spite of her aristocratic tastes, she often stoops to an occasional garbage-can. That, coupled with a tremendous appetite, have all but ruined her girlish figure. She forgets herself, frequently, and begs at the table for food, which she frequently gets. This does not help the figure situation any.

Not being a prize-winner in a dog show, she might not appeal to you, but we could not go through a day without her.

Pat Warfield

Farewells

I've been with a lot of old friends today
And I'm feeling a wee bit sad,
For my days with them have gone to stay,
The best days that I've ever had.

All the dear little dolls and my fuzzy stuffed pup
That I have to give away,
Because, you see, I've quite grown up
And have no more time to play.

So, please, little girls, or perhaps little boys,
Who'll have charge of their welfare now,
Don't treat them as just ord'nary toys
But love them the best you know how.

Courtney Ann Reid—'37

Progress?

Times are changing: different ways
Fill our nights, brighten our days;
No longer we ride in a horse and wagon
But speeded by motors we're never laggin',
Events of importance sound over the air
As we sit by our fire in an easy chair;
We 'phone our friends across the sea
And chat with them quite easily.

Science, Art, all up-to-date,
Only schools are behind and late
In becoming modern and new;
So I'll tell you what they really should do.
Classes should begin well after noon,
When we're all slept out. Oh, what a boon!
No more arrivals at early dawn,
Reciting lessons with many a yawn!

With tea at four and supper at eight,
Home in time to dress for our date,
Then out to dance—or find our fun
Getting in with the milk man and the sun.
Fellow students, stop and take heed,
It's less work and more fun that we sufferers need.
No homework, exams, no parental preaching,
Thoroughly rested—in a mood for our teaching.
Movies for books, just "look and listen,"
Our minds alert, our eyes a-glisten;
Radio lectures—what a rest for our teachers!
Education up-to-date with all newest features.
So take up your banner; enroll for the fight!
Make the faculty see the light.
It's up to us, as we leave for aye,
To leave them smiling as we say good-bye.

Betty Clarke.

Senior Class Prophecy

I opened a sleepy eye and gazed through a sullen window. I couldn't quite decide what had awakened me. The alarm clock, no doubt, but it couldn't be that because there was no alarm clock. A very good reason, too. The telephone—that was it! Taking the receiver off the hook I muttered a sleepy "hello" into the mouthpiece. An excited voice greeted my ear.

"Hello—Peg—that you?—This is Dickie,—there's no time to lose—I've done it!—don't you know what? I've finished my "rocket plane" to Mars.—I'm going this morning—want to come?"

Well, by this time I was thoroughly roused and very curious. Impulsively I replied, "I'll be over in half an hour, goodbye." and hung up.

Having thrown on a few clothes I rushed over to Dickie's, honked, and she came down, or rather flew down, and with barely a word we sped to the airport.

As we walked toward the hangar, I spied a girl in a white flying outfit, a stunning girl, but somehow very familiar. She evidently recognized us, too, as she came forward staring at us. Suddenly there was a whoop which made Mt. Etna's explosion sound like a sigh. It was Kay Boyle! We talked about old times and all the girls. Kay had just returned from Russia on a non-stop all-star flight, which she made in *two days*. But the time was so short that Dickie and I had to hurry on, much as we would like to have talked with Kay for days and days.

As we climbed into the rather angular plane, I began to doubt the sanity of this flighty situation. But Dickie reassured me and off we went, straight up! We arrived at Mars in seemingly two seconds.

There were many queer things and devices on Mars, but the one that to Dickie and me was the most mystifying was a telescopic looking contraption rather like the ordinary television sets at home. We were told that if we pressed buttons spelling out any name we could see that person and what she was doing. This was the opportune time to see all our Faulkner classmates once again.

We spelled out on the buttons B-A-R-B-A-R-A B-R-Y-A-N-T. Sure enough on the screen flashed a picture, of Babs, and she was in a nurse's uniform. So Barbara had turned into a nurse. She was talking to another nurse now who looked very familiar. "Well, it's Bernice Meyer, fancy meeting you here, too!"

Then we spelled B-E-T-T-Y C-L-A-R-K-E and of all things a beautifully graceful danseuse appeared before our eyes. She almost floated away! Betty certainly had accomplished a lot, but don't for a minute forget what Dalcroze did for her.

Taking leave of Betty, we again wielded the little knobs and across the screen a picture settled, a picture of Audy Flower. Audy was singing in a musical comedy and in the lingo of the theatre, she was "knocking 'em cold".

Sally Hayes then took the spotlight, and our Sally had become a lawyer and a famous one, too. She was running for senator of Illinois. Dickie and I looked at each other significantly; everyone had so far become famous.

Marge Hoexter was next. She was teaching school in Egypt for the missionaries, and making all the native children more civilized. She looked so cute in her Egyptian garb and had such a nice tan, it warmed me just looking at her.

We then spelled Marge Klein's name and there she was in a flash; she was with her husband playing hostess again at one of her justly famous dinner parties. Everything looked so wonderful that I hated to leave but we must see all the others.

Pushing the knobs again, Jane Warren and Nan Reid appeared on the screen. They were competing in the Olympic games, in France. Nan was swimming and had just won the hundred-yard backstroke, thereby taking Eleanor Holme's place. Watch the rules though, Nan! Janey had won the high-jump record and was nicknamed "the U. S. Diving Queen". These two girls were certainly jumping to fame.

Next Jane Rittenhouse pictured her reflection on the screen. Janey, it seems, has taken "ranching" quite seriously. She owns a dude ranch in summer, and there she was in her blue jeans bucking the broncos harder than they could buck her. She's quite a tough hombre with the horses but you can't tell me she's anything but sweet when unmounted.

Then the knobs lettered Helen Reynolds, and she appeared surrounded by her six blonde, laughing-eyed children. She looked so happy and contented that Dickie and I both sighed.

Last, but surely not least, came Pat Warfield. Her picture flashed across the screen. Just as I'd always suspected Pat had become a nun. She was walking across the screen in her full black robes in *Silence*.

We had now seen all our classmates and I felt very sad. But there really wasn't time for sadness. Dickie had to get back to her other scientific experiments, and I had to go back to see that nothing went wrong in my "Home for Homeless Dogs". So, regretfully and hurriedly, we took leave of Mars, and once more set foot on the regular vegetation of Earth.

Peggy Lepman, '37

My Impressions

Hallowe'en Party	"You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes."
Junior Prom	"The Way You Look Tonight."
Examinations	"Did I Remember?"
Field Hockey	"I'm Bucking the Wind."
Thursday's Singing	"Sing, Baby, Sing."
After 1:15	"Goody, Goody."
Recess	"Music Goes Around and Around."
Eve of Graduation	"Midnight Blue."
An "A"	"Oh, My Goodness."
Order Committee	"I Love to Take Orders from You."
Easter Vacation	"I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket."
Intelligence Test	"I'm Running a Temperature."
Report Cards	"Scared."
February 14	"Who Loves You?"
June Prom	"Three O'clock in the Morning."
Summer Vacation	"It Happened on the Beach at Bali-Bali."

Kay Boyle

A Very Blank Verse!

I've racked my brain,
Spent Sleepless hours,
In an effort to attain
The art of extolling flowers,
Meadows, kings, knights of old,
Rivers, lovers, and the showers,
In a fashion not too mild, not too bold;
To do them honor in the world.

The minutes are now hours.
Soon, the hours will be days;
And here you'll find me,
Still waiting, waiting for the tiniest
Spark of genius, known as inspiration,
To break through the cloud of darkness;
But till that far off day, I fear
This rhyme shall be my last this year.

Margery Klein

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

We, the Class of 1937, being of sound mind, do hereby design this, our last will and testament:

To Miss Patsy Bankard, Barbara Bryant bequeaths her energy.

To Jane Ellerd, Kay Boyle leaves her generosity in taking Faulkner School girls home in her Ford.

To Marjorie Davis, Betty Clarke wills her Chemistry mark (75.7).

To Peter George, Dickie Golick bequeaths her scientific ability.

To Libby McKey, Sally Hayes gives and bequeaths her sonorous, if not pleasing, voice.

To Catherine Strandberg, Marjorie Hoexter donates her height.

To Harryett Taxman, Margery Klein bequeaths her ability to drive Chevys.

To Doris Reissenweber, Peggy Lepman leaves her scholarly French.

To Barbara Glatt, Bernice Meyer bequeaths her curly hair.

To Hester Waples, Courtney Ann Reid passes on her sedate and sober conduct.

To Shirley Burton, Helen Reynolds leaves her long eyelashes.

To Marge Shattuck, Jane Rittenhouse bequeaths her tight green skirt.

To Eugenia von Herman, Pat Warfield leaves her Dalcroze costume.

To Peg Williams, Jane Warren bequeaths her ability to massacre her finger nails.

We hereby nominate and appoint the Junior Class of the Faulkner School, of Chicago, Illinois, Executrices of this Will. Dated March 1, 1937.

The above and foregoing instrument was on the day and date therefore signed, sealed published and declared by the said Testatrices, as and for their Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed.



Elizabeth Faulkner

residing at

Chicago Illinois

Leba Moulton

residing at

Chicago, Illinois



ACTIVITIES



Peg Peruggia



Margery Klein



Sally Hayes



Mary Dean

Student Government Elections

The honorable seats of President, Vice-President, and Secretary of Student Government are, during the regime of '36 and '37, being ably filled by Sally Hayes, Mary Dean, and Margery Klein. Sally keeps perfect order and Marge perfect minutes. Although Mary has not yet had her chance, we know her ability as shown in former offices

We all have the utmost respect for our officers, and I know that I am speaking for you all in wishing them loads of luck in similar offices in the years to come.

F. G.



Class Presidents

COMMITTEES

Dance and Appearance Committee

Time marches on—and keeping right in step with it is the Faulkner uniform. The same green skirt or jumper has been kept as the uniform.

A rule was passed that no colored scarfs, other than the green or white, may be worn. And of course, no dark red nail polish! An experiment is being tried to the effect that on second Wednesdays, colored skirts and sweaters or knit suits may be substituted for the uniform. Few warnings have been given indicating a helpful spirit of co-operation.

Peggy Lepman, *Chairman*
Helen Reynolds
Margery Klein

Mary Dean
Doris Kimball
Jane Altman

Order Committee

The Order Committee wishes to thank the girls for their co-operation in taking care of their worldly possessions, duly marked, and in maintaining neat homes in the Study Hall.

Kay Boyle *Co-Chairmen*
Jane Warren
Priscilla George
Libby McKey
Nancy Miller

Fire Drill Committee

The girls have been most helpful during the drills, which, though few so far, have resulted in clearing the building in record time.

Pat Warfield, *Chairman* Catherine Strandberg
Margery Klein Frances Golick
Ruth Panama Myra Davidson

Social Committee

We gave a Hallowe'en party on Friday, October 30, from half past seven until half past nine. It was a Suppressed Desire party and the prizes for the best costumes were given to Miss Canfield and Jane Warren. The Freshmen gave a shadow play and won the prize for the best stunt.

We had a party at Christmas time, too, and with the help of Miss Pickins, Mrs. Burgess and our French, Spanish and German teachers, the party was a great success. Twelve boys and girls from Fellowship House came to dance for us. They were excellent and we all had a swell time.

Betty Clarke }
Dickie Golick } *Co-Chairmen*
Jane Rittenhouse }
Audrey Flower Peggy Meadows
Peggy Lepman Courtney McGrath
Shirley Burton Betty Ann Cohn
Jane Ellerd Muriel Marks
Marilyn Wharton Minna Sachs
Polly Harsha Anne Nicholson
Eugenia von Hermann

Philanthropic Committee

The Philanthropic Committee of 1936-37 respectfully submits the following report:
In the Red Cross drive held in November, the school contributed:

\$60.00

Seven scrap books for the hospitals.

The Christmas tree with many games, toys, dolls and books were sent to Fellowship House.

\$55.00 and 15 boxes of clothing were donated to the Red Cross Relief Fund in January.

Barbara Bryant, *Chairman*
Patsy Bankard
Marjorie Davis

Tardiness Committee

The rules pertaining to tardiness this year were just the same as for previous years, and the few unexcused tardinesses we have had during the year prove the effectiveness of the rules. In spite of rain and ice, the girls have managed to get to school on time, and we want to thank them for their coöperation.

Respectfully submitted,

Courtney Ann Reid, *Chairman*
Bee Meyers Betty Coe Hubbard
Anne Nicholson Mary Hayes

Music Committee

On the first Wednesday of every month, we attend a series of musical talks by Mr. and Mrs. Oberndorfer. The girls as well as the teachers and parents have enjoyed these most interesting and inspiring lectures, and we are most grateful to the Oberndorfers.

The following programs have been and will be given during the year:

Italian Music
Spanish Music
French Music
German and Austrian Music
Russian Music
British Isles Music
American Music

On Thursday, we have work in singing as usual, under the guidance of Mrs. Baker.

Pat Warfield, *Chairman*
Shirley Burton Patsy Bankard
Betty Coe Hubbard Libby McKey

SOCIAL EVENTS

The Opening Reception

When? Monday, September fourteenth. Where? 4746 Dorchester Avenue. What? The Faulkner School Reception.

Thus the preliminary step in the school year, 1936-1937, was taken. There were the many familiar faces of Alumnae, teachers, girls and many new ones which had joined the happy throng. Everyone talked of her marvelous vacation and of good intentions to work this coming year.

Miss Mack in her capacity of "Keeper of the Programs", greeted the girls and awarded them their programs which were looked upon sadly by those who just could not believe that school operations were to begin the next day.

More conversing with more girls, and amidst this we wandered into the dining room to enjoy ice cream and cookies. Then, with "Goodbye, see you bright and early in the morning", the girls went merrily home.

Margery Kein

The Hallowe'en Party

We gave the Hallowe'en party on Friday, October thirtieth. The hours were from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, because our mothers said we could stay up that late if we took naps in the afternoon. The party was to be a "Suppressed Desire" party; so we promised to rest.

After we had napped, dined, and climbed into our costumes, we filed into the gymnasium where a prize was to be given for the best costume. Miss Canfield caused a sensation in her sunflower costume. Jane Warren was a perfect Charlie Chaplin; in fact, she's better than Charlie, himself, right now. After the two winners had been congratulated and given their prizes, we all sat down to enjoy the stunts given by the four classes.

The stunts were original and interesting, but everybody agreed that the Freshmen deserved the prize for their shadow play. When the stunts were over, we went into the gym where cider and doughnuts were meted out to hungry and thirsty girls. A very quiet (?) dance concluded a "swell" party.

Betty Clarke

The Christmas Party

The annual Christmas party was given on Friday, the eighteenth. The program began with the singing of two French songs by Madame Baillot's and Mlle. Brochery's French classes followed by a tableau presented by the Dalcroze class under Mrs. Burgess' direction, aided by Miss Pickens' pupils, who gave a very delightful little play in a most realistic manner. Mrs. Benson's German class then sang "O Tannenbaum", followed by Senora Craig's Spanish class singing an old Spanish song.

We were much entertained by a group of young people from Fellowship House who did some folk dances in costume.

Afterwards there were refreshments in the Domestic Science room, followed by dancing in the gym.

The Christmas tree was lovely with its many colored lights and innumerable decorations and the usual number of toys and dolls.

The many guests and generous showing from the school attested to the interest of the afternoon and a delightful Christmas party.

Jane Rittenhouse

The Junior Prom

The night of December 23 proved to be another successful Christmas party. We all have to hand it to our cordial Juniors this year particularly though, because they certainly showed us all a wonderful time. The room in the Del Prado Hotel was large and very comfortable—good punch was available at all times—and Gene Davis' orchestra kept everybody's feet moving. Then, to top it all, they had actually invited Santa Claus! Then she (oh, pardon me—but he did look a lot like our dear Miss Georgene) gave everybody a present and when the happy crowd left around one o'clock everybody heartily wished those generous Juniors a very "Merry Christmas."

Courtney Ann Reid

Commencement

After having marched to slow, even strains of organ music, up and down the aisles of the Kenwood Church, the graduates of the Class of 1936, dressed in white and carrying bouquets of yellow roses mixed with larkspur, took their places on the platform to hear an address by Dr. Shailer Mathews and by Miss Faulkner. This was followed by the lovely singing of Mrs. Baker. Then with due applause the diplomas were awarded, after which the graduated class, their flower girls, relatives and friends left the church for the reception at school.

The gymnasium was colorfully decorated in blues, reds, and white, with balloons hanging from the ceiling. These decorations, added to a good orchestra, served to make up an evening which was enjoyed by all.

Sally Hayes .



Your Drama Critic Presents a Review Worth Noticing

Last year, April twenty-fifth to be exact, the Faulkner School with the help of Mr. Nourse revived a custom of long standing. The custom of giving plays at the close of the school year had been practised for a good many years. However, for a few years it was abandoned on account of lean pocket-books.

It was customary for the Junior Class to give the annual play; but last year it was decided that the Junior Class would not give the play. That is why I tell you that this review is worth noticing. There were some girls in the school who wished to revive the custom and so they formed a group composed of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. These girls presented, with the most able help of Mr. Nourse, one of the favorite comedies of Shakespeare. If you had been at either the afternoon or evening performance of the play, you would have found your program to look like this:

TWELFTH NIGHT

By

William Shakespeare

Presented by

The Dramatic Club of The Faulkner School

Under the Direction of

Mr. William Zeigler Nourse

in the School Gymnasium

Saturday, April twenty-fifth 1936

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....	Beryl Rawlings
Sebastian, brother to Viola.....	Mary Dean
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.....	Jane Ellerd
A sea captain, friend to Viola.....	Barbara Bryant
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.....	Anne Nicholson
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Jane Warren
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.....	Marjorie Strandberg
Fabian.....	Rilla Blair
Feste, a clown.....	Shirley Burton
Olivia.....	Anne MacDougal
Viola.....	Marjorie Wescott
Maria, Olivia's woman.....	Priscilla George
Olivia's gentlewomen.....	Betty Clarke, Courtney Ann Reid
Curio.....	Sally Hayes
Valentine.....	Libby McKey
Officer.....	Frances Golick
Priest.....	Barbara Bryant

Scene: A city in Illyria and the sea coast near it.

The play seemed to have been enjoyed by all who saw it. We hope, now that the tradition has been set again, that other girls will follow it. "Toby"



The Freshman Plays

With Mr. Nourse as the talented director, the Freshman Class gave three short plays. The first to be presented was the philosophic, "Three Pills in a Bottle," by Rachel Field.

Tony Sims.....Marilyn Wharton	A Scissors Grinder.....Genevieve Bernstein
The Widow Sims.....Doris Kimball	His Soul.....Mary Elizabeth McKey
A Middle-Aged Gentleman...Marguerite Boyle	A Scrub Woman.....Courtney McGrath
His Soul.....Muriel Taussig	Her Soul.....Betty Anne Cohn

It concerns a poor little crippled boy called Tony. His mother, a sweet and kind woman, spent all their money on three pills for Tony. She leaves him sitting by the window and tells him to be careful of the pills. When a scissors grinder passes by, Tony calls out to him, and they talk awhile. He gives him one of the coveted pills to make him feel better. Later the spirit of the scissors grinder comes in and sings a song to thank Tony for being kind. The next to pass by is a scrub woman who tells Tony her troubles, and, to console her, he gives her a pill. The scrub woman's spirit enters and dances to show what Tony has done for her. The third to pass by is an old man, well-known in the town for his miserly ways. Tony gives the last of the three pills to him. His spirit then comes into Tony's room and thanks him. But this spirit is a poor shriveled old man, showing that, although he belongs to a wealthy man, his spirit has suffered on account of his miserliness. When Tony's mother returns, she is heartbroken to find the pills gone. Then the wealthy man returns to tell Tony that he had been kind to him, and he in return wishes to give him money to buy more pills.

The second play was "The Roadhouse in Arden" by Philip Moeler.

Master Hamlet.....Catherine Strandberg	Mistress Immortality.....Doris Kimball
Mistress Cleopatra.....Elizabeth Coe Hubbard	Sir Francis Bacon.....Virginia Heun
Master Robin Goodfellow Hamlet...Caroline Camp	Master William Shakespeare.....Pauline Harsha

This is a satire on the feud between Sir Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare. The humor is supplied by the innkeeper and his wife. Robin, their son, loves a maiden called Immortality who comes to the inn saying that two men are pursuing her. They are fighting for the wreath that she owns. In the end she gives it to William Shakespeare. The dialogue is clever. The story ends happily with Robin winning Immortality.

The last play was "The Stolen Prince" by Dan Totheroh.

Long Fo.....Harryett Taxman	Lee Mee.....A toy duck
Wing Lee.....Peggy Meadows	A Soldier.....Courtney McGrath
The Royal Nurse.....Catherine Strandberg	Executioner.....Genevieve Bernstein
Hi Tee.....Marguerite Boyle	The Chorus.....Mary Elizabeth McKey
Li Mo.....Virginia Heun	Property Man.....Elizabeth Coe Hubbard
Joy.....Betty Anne Cohn	Orchestra.....Muriel Taussig

This play is about a poor fisherman and his wife who wished for a child. One day they were out in a boat fishing when they saw a barrel floating in the water. When they passed by, they discovered that the barrel held a baby. This was the answer to their dreams. They reared the child as their own, and under his foster parents' care he grew into a fine young man. The only identification the boy had was a necklace of jade. One day when the parents were fishing, their trained duck caught the emperor's sacred red fish. As they were about to eat it, the emperor's guard comes and arrests them for stealing the fish. When they were about to be executed, the necklace falls off the boy, and his true identity is disclosed. The boy that the poor fisherman and his wife reared is a prince! The play was given in true Chinese style with a property man on the stage all through the performance.

Polly Harsha





The Dramatic Club of the Faulkner School

The Dramatic Club of the Faulkner School was formed January 31, 1936, at the suggestion of Beryl Rawlings, who was elected president. The purpose of the club was the studying and producing of one long play each year. Members of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes, who are seriously interested in the study of the drama, are eligible. Last year there were twelve members. This year there are nine, headed by Jane Warren, as president.

The adventure of producing a long play, of interpreting a role and building and sustaining a character, is one of hard work and delightful pleasure; and brings many valuable rewards.

"Twelfth Night" by William Shakespeare was the play successfully staged, matinee and evening, Saturday, April 25, 1936. "The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan is the play now in production for matinee and evening, Saturday, April 24, 1937.

Present Members

Anne Nicholson	Doris Kimball
Mary Dean	Libby McKey
Priscilla George	Betty Coe Hubbard
Marjorie Davis	Shirley Burton
	Jane Warren

ATHLETICS



First row: Jane Rittenhouse, Miss Jones, Sally Hayes.
 Second row: C. McGrath; C. Reid, Secretary; M. Hayes, M. Davis.
 Top row: A. Nicholson, J. Warren, President; M. Dean.

The Faulkner Athletic Association

The F.A.A. has as its primary objectives the health and physical welfare of every girl in the school. The Board comprises the President, Secretary, Treasurer, Green and White team captains, and a representative from every class. It is the duty of every member of the Board to stimulate interest and participation in the athletic program for all students.

When a girl enters the high school, she automatically becomes a member of either the Green or White team. She is given the opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the various sports in season: First, hockey; then volley ball, basketball, and baseball. If she develops sufficient skill, she is put on a Color team. After competition between the Color teams, Varsity teams are chosen.

To be eligible for initiation into the F.A.A., it is necessary to have played on a Color team in two different sports and to have demonstrated at all times the desired attitude towards health and good sportsmanship. Freshmen fulfilling the F.A.A. requirements are awarded small numerals; Sophomores, large numerals; Juniors, small "F's"; and Seniors, large "F's". Seniors, who in addition earn a place on a Varsity team in three different sports and receive a majority vote of the Board, are granted the highest award, the Faulkner charm.

Membership in the Association is retained only by active participation in sports and membership on Color teams.

F. A. A. Present Membership

Barbara Bryant	Courtney Ann Reid
Betty Clarke	Jane Warren
Katherine Boyle	Mary Dean
Frances Golick	Anne Nicholson
Sally Hayes	Marguerite Boyle
Peggy Lepman	Doris Kimball
Margery Klein	Courtney McGrath
Helen Reynolds	Libby McKey
Jane Rittenhouse	Catherine Strandberg

Incoming Members: To Be Initiated

Mary Hayes
Marjorie Shattuck

The Competitive Drill—1936

The drill last year was a very gala occasion. It started with a definite bang and was a smash hit clear through to the end. Miss Jones had put a great deal of time and effort into the whole performance and certainly the girls showed the results of the efforts. The Freshmen and Sophomores gave some Folk dances, Sailors' Hornpipe, Virginia Reel, and Oranges and Lemons. A hand-picked squad of Academic girls did a few "Motor Ability Tests".

The drill consisted of a smoothly run, interesting program from the moment the teams marched in singing lustily, through their marching exhibitions, basketball tests, and finally the game, to the tense moment when Miss Jones announced that for the year of 1935-36, the Green and White teams had tied!

Courtney Ann Reid, '37

The Athletic Banquet

The Athletic Banquet was held at the Woman's Club May 28, 1936. Because of the success of the rhymed place cards of the year before, we had them again and enjoyed laughing at them as much as, if not more than in '35. For their success, we have to thank Peg Lepman, Kay Boyle, Beryl Rawlings, Jane Rittenhouse and Yours truly (who was not very much help. You're welcome!)

We enjoyed a very nice dinner, the digestion being aided by warbling, between courses, from those who warble, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Haydon. The customary speeches were rendered by the four class representatives, Miss Jones, Miss Faulkner and Marge Strandberg, and last but not far from least—Miss Mack.

The awards topped an evening full of joy and pleasant memories. F. A. G.

FINAL AWARDS

Anne MacDougal	Marjorie Strandberg	Jane Weary	
<i>Large F</i>	<i>Small F</i>	<i>Large Numerals</i>	<i>Small Numerals</i>
J. Roberts	C. Reid	M. Dean	V. Heun
F. Altman	J. Rittenhouse	A. Nicholson	D. Kimball
M. Brooks	S. Hayes		H. Taxman
B. Kahn	J. Warren		C. McGrath
	P. Lepman		M. Boyle

Hockey

After weeks and weeks of nothing but stick work most of us felt that the Faulkner hockey team was more than prepared to come out victors over any school which we might play. But it seems there were other things in store for the eleven athletes who faced a team made up of students of the University of Chicago. Nan Reid carried the ball more than half way down the Midway hockey team and scored the only goal that Faulkner was able to make. We would rather not mention the final score of a wholly exciting game, and will merely say that the other team won.

But Faulkner held her own against the other school-teams of the South Side when four of her hockey boosters were selected to play on the South Side Hockey Team against the Northshore team. The Northshore won that game with a score of 3-2, but Jane Warren, Nan Reid, Peg Lepman, and Sally Hayes felt that they had gained much experience and practice from the game.

Weather did not permit the third of the Green and White games to be played and the struggle for color-team supremacy stands at one-game all. But it is generally admitted (by us Whites) that the White team would have won. S. Hayes

HOCKEY VARSITY TEAM

Left Wing—Mary Dean	Right Half Back—Mary Hayes
Left Inner—Nan Reid	Center Half Back—Sally Hayes
Center Forward—Courtney McGrath	Left Half Back—Peg Lepman
Right Inner—Jane Warren	Left Full Back—Anne Nicholson
Right Wing—Marjorie Shattuck	Right Full Back—Jane Rittenhouse
Goal—Peg Williams	

GREEN AND WHITE HOCKEY TEAMS

GREENS		WHITES
M. Shattuck	Left Wing	M. Boyle
N. Reid	Left Inner	C. Camp
C. McGrath	Center Forward	H. Reynolds
D. Kimball, B. Clarke	Right Inner	J. Warren
M. Dean	Right Wing	P. Bankard
M. Davidson	Right Half Back	P. Harsha
F. Golick	Center Half Back	S. Hayes
K. Boyle	Left Half Back	C. Strandberg
J. Rittenhouse	Left Full Back	M. Hayes
P. Lepman	Right Full Back	A. Nicholson
P. Williams	Goal	L. McKay

Basketball

Forwards

GREENS
C. McGrath
C. Reid
P. Lepman

WHITES
J. Warren
C. Strandberg
M. Hayes

Subs

D. Kimball
M. Shattuck

H. Reynolds
M. Klein

Guards

J. Rittenhouse
M. Dean
M. Hoexter

S. Hayes
M. Boyle
L. McKey

Subs

F. Golick

C. Camp
A. Nicholson

BASKETBALL VARSITY

Forwards

J. Warren
C. Reid
P. Lepman
M. Shattuck
C. McGrath

Guards

J. Rittenhouse
S. Hayes
M. Boyle
M. Dean
M. Hayes (sub on first team)

On February 13, Faulkner played Roycemore. After a long, hard struggle, Faulkner won, yes, actually—36 to 18! Even the defeat of our noble second team could not dampen our spirits after that. We are looking forward to a battle royal with Chicago Latin on the 27th. If everybody continues working as hard and co-operating as well as they have been doing, we are bound to beat them, too. Wish us luck on the Alumnae game, also!

Springtime

The clouds have gone, the sun shines bright,
The flowers bloom to our delight,
The birds sing loud of joy and mirth,
The spring is here once more on earth.

We soon play in the great outdoors
With balls and bats to beat the scores;
With golf and tennis balls we'll play
On joyful days which come in May.

Marjorie Hoexter





Dalcroze

An orchid to you, Mrs. Burgess, for your helpful supervision and for the valuable training you have given us in our years of study with you. We now have a greater understanding of music and its interpretation.

As Dalcroze is a rhythmic art, this year we concentrated on individualism and self expression. Dalcroze is an education within itself. It gives us grace, poise and beauty as well as an invaluable understanding of rhythm.

The Christmas pageant was devoted to the personification of several of the better known Christmas carols. The spring program will show the progress of the girls throughout the year and their ever-increasing interest in their work.

I am sure that everyone who has had the advantage of studying this Eurythmic movement derives a greater appreciation of music and its interpretation.

Audrey Flower—'37

DALCROZE CLASSES

<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
Jane Altman	Mary Hayes	Nancy Miller	Betty Coe Hubbard	Shirley Burton
Arlene Berkenfield	Doris Liebschutz	Minna Sachs	Doris Kimball	Marjorie Davis
Myra Davidson	Elaine Lyon	Marjorie Shattuck	Leonore Kurzwell	Doris Reissenweber
Barbara Glatt	Ruth Manaster	E. von Hermann	Jane Switzer	<i>Seniors</i>
Marjorie Griffin	Elaine Marks	Peggy Williams	Harryett Taxman	Audrey Flower
Lois Hainsfurther	Muriel Marks	Hester Waples		Bernice Meyer
				Patricia Warfield



Honor Society, 1936-1937

KAPPA LAMBDA EPSILON

(Arranged in order of membership)

Margery Ann Klein
Courtney Ann Reid
Mary Dean
Sally Hayes
Betty Hubbard
* Doris Kimball
* Libby McKey

Additional Honor Girls thus far in 1936-37

Jane Altman
Marjorie Griffin
Minna Sachs

Those marked (*) and the following have won Honors in Attitude in the same terms:

Marguerite Boyle
Caroline Camp



The Faulkner Alumnae Association

The annual meeting and Holiday Tea of the Faulkner Alumnae Association was held on Monday afternoon, December the twenty-eighth, at Miss Faulkner's home.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. Officers for the year 1937-38 were nominated and elected as follows: President, Frances Gethro; Vice-President, Eugenia Mahon (Mrs. Harry Waker); Treasurer, Corda Palmer (Mrs. Ferris White), and Secretary, Helen Daniels.

The President gave a short summary of the benefit concert given on May 10, 1936, at Mandel Hall, the University of Chicago. Alec Templeton, the young English composer and pianist, was the great artist. From this highly successful concert, we were able to give the sum of \$790.00 to Miss Faulkner for the purposes of scholarship.

Miss Faulkner announced the acquisition of the school property; and reviewed the school year. The President of the Seniors responded to the welcome extended and pledged the support of all its members to the association.

As there was no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN DANIELS, *Secretary*.

1936

Floraloise Altman, Mt. Vernon Seminary
(1936-).

Gloria Amburgh, Fairmount School
(1936-).

Marjorie Brooks, Oberlin College
(1936-).

Jean Eisenstaedt, Colby Junior College
(1936-).

Elise Epstein, Northwestern University
(1936-).

Catherine Griffin, University of Chicago
(1936-).

Bettie-Rose Kahn, Briarcliff Junior College
(1936-).

Anne MacDougal, Rockford College
(1936-).

Lillian Neustadt, National Park Seminary
(1936-).

Janice Roberts, School of Domestic Arts
and Sciences (1936-).

Marjorie Strandberg, Oberlin College
(1936-).

Jane Weary, Sarah Lawrence College
(1936-).

Marjorie Weber, Briarcliff Junior College
(1936-).

Marjorie Westcott, musical studies
(1936-).

Berenice Wood, Sarah Lawrence College
(1936); School of Domestic Arts and
Sciences.



The Faulkner Faculty

LITERARY



Time

Another year, another sign,
For all the joys too soon gone by.
The days, fleet as hunted deer,
Pass all too soon and leave me here,
Sadly longing for return
Of times which in my memory burn.
Yet in my heart, I truly feel
That anything so very real
Must pass away and leave behind
Memories, my soul to bind
In everlasting glowing light,
And raise me to a wondrous height.

But why must Time, so swift, so cruel,
Hold steadfast to each irksome rule?
Could he not once but stay his flight
And let me linger this one night?
He flies across the path he's made,
Printed deep through each decade.
His wings, of iridescent light,
Are gone so fast there is no sight
Strong enough to see them glide
Away, as each day slowly died,
Another year, a sigh, a smile—
Memories, at least, stay for awhile.

Peggy Lepman—'37

A Brush Fire

The forest was eerily still, the still being that quiet before the storm. One noticed through the trees a stealthy crackling and snapping of twigs, and one could see animals quickly and softly scurrying hither and yon to safety, one knew not where.

Then it came. From the distance one could smell the pungent, slightly rancid smell of smoke. Little puffs, like gasps, of white and grey smoke floated up. There was a faint crackling and snapping as the fire came nearer. One could hear the pitiable moaning and yelping of the animals that were so tragically trapped.

The fire was coming nearer. Black torrents of smoke gushed from the tree tops. Great red sheets of flame were making an impenetrable wall in front of one. One could only return the same way as one had come. The great inferno was roaring now. There was an undertone behind one of water rippling over stones, and in front of one the pitiful cheeping of birds. One knew that for the remainder of the forest the babbling brook was only a small respite.

The fire was spreading in all directions, puffed and blown by the wind. The sizzling sound of hot rocks as they were hit by water was everywhere. Smaller fires, like pools of water after rain, were stealing out and away to return later after entrapping unsuspecting animals.

Now the Forest Rangers had arrived, and overhead there was the insistent droning of airplanes, ready to shoot chemicals down, or, if necessary, to dynamite the fire.

From where one stood, flying pieces of hot wood whizzed by, snapping and crackling in midair. Except for the tragedy, the sight made one think of a mammoth Fourth of July celebration.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash! Some of the patriarchs of the forest, now charred and stripped of their leaves, were fallen.

The Forest Rangers could not stop the fire. It leaped the babbling brook, now choked with charred branches and skeletons of animals. There was nothing left to do but dynamite.

Everyone was cautioned to stand clear, and the sticks were connected, the lever pressed, and there was a dull boom! Then a great crash! And hundreds of charred tree trunks suddenly and startlingly appeared in midair, then disappeared from view.

Slowly, having no place to go, the fire died, but the burned skeletons of trees remained, lifting blackened tips, once green with leaves, to the blue sky.

Betty Coe Hubbard—'39

Construction

Mighty monsters made by men,
Riveting, pounding till the sense grows numb;
Giant engines with giant strength,
Hammering, blasting till the ear grows dumb;
Gaping jaws with teeth of steel,
Digging, dumping at man's instruction;
Spinning, whirling faster on
Speed the swift wheels of construction.

Sally Hayes—'37

Treasures

One rainy day I left my book
And up to the attic went "to look."
To see old costumes, souvenirs,
Reminders of the passing years,
Dolls and games I played with glee—
A long time back when I was three.
Letters, worn yellow with age,
Here and there a torn page,
Pressed corsages I recall
When they were fresh and did enthrall,
A tintype of the first beau,
A boy of ten—I loved him so!
Report cards here bring back the tale
Of fear lest I should ever fail.
There different things are symbols of
Something that I dearly love,
My childhood that has slipped away
As silently as night meets day.

Lenore Kurzweil—'39

Professionals Out of Place—or Maybe Me!

All summer I have played tennis. My hours were usually from ten o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. I have gone to exhibitions, taken lessons, and some day I hope to reach the goal I've been striving for—to play in tournaments. I know it means many years of hard work and bitter disappointments, but tennis really means a great deal to me, not only as a sport but also as a pastime and something I really want to achieve.

If you live in the tennis world, you will have heard of Parkhill, the city's champion—ace tennis star of the world.

Also, if you are associated with the tennis stars, you will have heard of Frank Parker (not of the radio), most skillful of all players, the winner of many champion cups, both in Europe and America. The co-ordination of these two players is great—exceeding that of many world-wide stars.

Well, one day I was playing with a young man who had asked me to play with him until my friend arrived for my game. Although I didn't know him, I agreed. He was really very good at his forehand and excellent at his backhand. We played two sets, and, as he wore me out, we sat and talked a few minutes. Such muscles I had never in my life seen before, and I can easily say that his frame resembles that of Joe Louis, or perhaps that of the well-known Sampson!

He told me he thought that I had a good start, and that by next year maybe I could take part in some of the junior tournaments.

Thrilled, I asked him if he really thought I had an even chance. The answer was a definite *Yes* and *No*! He said I must practice all winter long to be able to make the grade. Knowing how impossible that was, I just grinned and asked him who he was. He said his name was Jim, Joe or Jake—I really can't remember. Finally, a friend of his came along, and they played a set of tennis. It was an excellent game. Both their timing was perfect. They asked me to make comments as to their form. Well, I did—I made plenty, because I saw several points that really needed correction—so I thought!

They thanked me and said that they would be back the next day, and would I be nice enough to help them. They said that they also wanted to make the grade, so that they might come in first in the doubles tournament. I agreed—but, very business-like, I told them that my time was limited, as I had a date to play tennis right after their lesson, so they must not keep me waiting, and I would be able to help them only a short while. They grinned at each other and said, "Okay, tomorrow at eleven we'll be here." As I was walking away, one of my friends came up to me. I have known him all my life; so I said to him, "Who are those two fellows over there—right there, walking away from here?"

"Oh, those two," he cried. "Don't you know that there is going to be a tournament or rather just an exhibition this afternoon and that's Parkhill and Parker— Hey, wait, I'm going to get their autograph—want one for yourself?"

"N-n-no, thanks," I managed to stammer, as I ran so far away from nowhere that the only thing that got me to return a few days later was the thought that I would never see them again. And I can honestly say I hope I don't!

Myra Davidson—'40

The Day

Morning awakes with the first burst of dawn;
Nature opens its portals to the light of day.
Traffic starts buzzing like the hum of a bee,
And each human being goes on his own way.
As the time rolls on and all work is through,
The sunset, so bright and so beautiful, gleams;
Night creeps on stealthily with little cat feet;
The world clothed in darkness becomes wrapped in dreams.

Jane Warren—'37

Memories

"A funny man," they called him, "a funny man" was he;
He told the children stories and they "most popped" with glee.
He listened sympathetically and smoothed each troubled brow:
"There, there," he'd say, "everything's fine, 'cause you're with Popsie now."
"Oh, Popsie," sobbed out Mary Jane, "my favorite doll is dead,
I picked her up this morning, and it's off, I mean her head!"
"Come, Mary Jane, don't feel so bad; bring your doll to me,
I'll fix her head and good as new I promise she will be."
Popsie always "fixed it" and was such a lot of fun,
Besides knowing how all the wonderful things were done.
But one day he was called away—forever, they were told;
He caught a chill and left the world, and all seemed oh, so cold.
The Mary Janes and Betty Lous are ladies now, so fine,
Yet often when together, someone's bound to call to mind
The days when they were children, the days that used to be—
When Popsie told them stories and they "most popped" with glee.

Lenore Kuzewil—'39

Satisfaction

My love 'tis satisfaction I desire.
Of all these worldly things I soon shall tire,
But what is this I fain would ask of thee?
Perhaps a roaring flame, a bounding sea?
But no, 'tis not those paltry things I crave;
What care I for the valiant and the brave?
My love, 'tis all in thy enchanting voice,
So speak again, again, and I rejoice.

Peggy Lepman—'37

The Curtain Rises

Poor Monsieur du Balle! This business of opera was making quite a wreck out of him. Everybody came to him with his or her troubles, as if he hadn't enough of his own. For four weeks he'd been working with the grand opera company getting ready for tonight, the opening of the opera season and the American debut of Luise Breuleaux, the French opera star. There were rehearsals once every day, and if things didn't go well there were rehearsals twice a day. The carpenters were busy making scenery, and costumes were being sewn by the hands of talented dressmakers. Electricians racked their brains to produce effective lighting. Some new ballerinas had to be selected from the ballet school on the top floor of the opera house, and the chorus had to be chosen.

After so many weeks of preparation, it was no wonder Monsieur du Balle was glad that the night was really here at last.

Fifteen minutes before curtain rising time, and backstage looked like a mad house and Monsieur du Balle the most vicious character. Electricians were making last minute check-ups, wardrobe mistresses bustling to and fro and bothering him with such seemingly foolish questions as, "Oh, Monsieur, one of the chorus has lost her head gear, and there isn't another one in the house. What shall we do?" The new little ballerina was just too thrilled to be on the stage and knew she would forget all the steps, and wouldn't that be terrible? The new conductor wanted to know if he thought the audience would like his new arrangements.

Monsieur du Balle makes his way to the dressing room of Mlle. Breleaux. "Ah, Monsieur," she greets him, "I am so excited. Do you think I veel be what the Americans call 'okey doke?'"

"Oui, Luise, you are magnificent. I am not worried about you."

"Merci, monsieur."

"Theese opera. Never again. I am through," Monsieur says, as he has done at every opening for the last ten years.

"Excuse, monsieur," interrupts the call boy, "but Mlle. Gaya, the premiere ballerina has another fit. She says she will not dance tonight."

"Ah, what a life!" du Balle exclaims as he goes out holding his head. He reaches Mlle. Gaya's dressing room and knocks.

"Who's thair?" comes an angry voice.

"It is I. Now, Antoinette, what is the matter?"

"Mattair. I veel not dance vid that stupid Monsieur Baeyeaux. He is impossible."

"This is a fine time to do anything like this. Ten minutes before the curtain. Ah, what a life!"

"Excuse, sir, but Monsieur Bentanello has lost his voice. He cannot sing."

"Oooh, I veel queet. Theese is too much." He stamps out of Mlle. Gaya's dressing room.

Outside he bumps into a newspaper reporter. "What do you predict for this season?" the reporter asks Monsieur du Balle.

"I cannot think," is the answer. "Such trouble I have. The premiere ballerina weel not dance. The leading mans has lost his voice, one of the chorus has lost her costume, the new ballerina is afraid she veel forget her steps—oh, my haid. Boy, send out for some alka seltzer. No! better make it rat poison."

* * * * *

Three minutes before curtain—Mlle. Gaya and Monsieur Baeyeaux are reconciled. Monsieur Bentanello has regained his voice, the maiden has found her head gear behind some scenery, the ballerina has been assured that she will not forget her steps, and Monsieur du Balle is still alive. The orchestra starts the overture. Mlle. Breuleaux and Monsieur take their places, and the curtain rises.

Lois Hainsfurther—'40

My Great-Grandfather's Only Experience With a Robber

It was a cool day for the time of the year in Colusa county. There was a slight breeze blowing, and many of the men of the small town of Colusa were standing on, or near, the long low porch which stretched across the front of the hotel. Everyone was contented, talking of nothing much and smoking peacefully, when suddenly Grandfather Brooks appeared on the scene. He was anything but contented. He stalked up saying,

"Good morning, gentlemen. Fine morning we are having—not that I can enjoy it. Never did care for weather, good or bad, but I don't feel so well these days. I have arranged to go to Bartlett Springs for two or three weeks. Think it will do me good. Hope that confounded whipper-snapper can manage the store while I am gone."

With this remark he walked briskly into the hotel to meet an "out-of-town visitor."

Grandfather Brooks was a kindly man for all his gruff ways, and everyone liked him. He was never rude to anyone and had a compliment ready at all times. He was kind to all tramps, feeding them and letting them sleep in his barn, in the hay, all night. This was an expensive type of pleasure even in those days when there were not so many tramps.

A week later Grandfather Brooks prepared in earnest to leave. Grandmother had packed his trunk, and now it was being strapped on top of the stage coach.

The horses were rested and anxious to be on their way. They had one of the fastest drivers in that part of the country to drive them and they knew it. Thus it was even harder for them to stay still, for they loved the feeling of rushing across the mountain roads at high speed.

At last all was ready and the coach started pulling away from the hotel.

The journey was a hard one, as coach journeys over mountain roads will be, and as late afternoon came on they began to wish they were anywhere but bumping along this road to Bartlett Springs.

They had all stopped trying to talk above the noise of traveling. Many were trying to sleep, when all at once there was much shouting outside and the coach came to an abrupt stop.

Everybody jumped up, all trying to get out the door at once, when a masked man carrying a gun ordered them to go out single file and line up in front of the horses.

Some of the women were crying softly; one woman with her baby was so frightened she could not walk and had to be carried out.

Once outside, the robbers began to strip the people of all rings, money and other valuables.

Farther and farther down the line they came—closer and closer to Grandfather Brooks. He was not so frightened now that he had a chance to think, but he had much money and many valuables on his person. Adding to that thought was the fact that one of the women had given him her purse as they had passed out the door, and he did want to save it for her.

Finally they reached him, but to his amazement, after a pause, the leader looked at him and said:

"Mr. Brooks, I would never take anything from you."

He turned on his heel, gave the driver instructions to drive on and not to stop for at least a half hour as they would be shot if they did so, climbed on his horse and disappeared into the forest.

To the day of his death, Grandfather Brooks had no idea who the robber was or why he had not robbed him.

His family always teased him by telling him that what the robber meant was that Grandfather was a bigger thief than he; though they really thought that he must have been taken in as a tramp at one time or another and could not bring himself to harm Grandfather.

Jane Switzer—'39

Memories in a Trunk

I love to go up the stairs
Into the attic so musty,
Where lies an old-fashioned trunk,
A trunk so dirty, so dusty.

This musty trunk
Which I hold so dear,
Keeping its memories
Year after year.

An old wedding gown
For an old-fashioned bride,
I can see her again
With the groom by her side.

An old, old diary—
Almost falling apart,
The little pen knife
That carved out a heart.

All in this trunk
In the attic so musty,
All in this trunk
So dirty, so dusty.

All in this trunk
Which I hold so dear,
Keeping its keepsakes
Year after year.

Lois Hainsfurther—'40

A Prayer

In this life we work and play,
New knowledge and joys come to us each day,
But God in Heaven help me to be
As considerate of others as you are of me.
Help me at all times to do my part,
To smile at the end as well as the start.
Make me honor my native land,
But above all else, help me understand.
Help me to be honest, loyal and true,
And may I grow daily closer to You,
So that when I reach the time of old age
I can easily and cheerfully turn the page.

Courtney Ann Reid—'37

Local Colour?

The old man was as much a part of the local colour as the fishermen who sat along the pier in their colourful clothes, mending their nets. We had somehow accepted him as a stationary object on the pier, and it was hard to realize that he wasn't there when we came back again. The people told us that he lived on the outskirts of town; so we decided to visit him.

His house was little more than a shack, well kept up, but so constructed that in winter the wind must have gone through it like water through a sieve.

The old man seemed awfully glad to see us, and asked us to come in. He told us his name was Obadiah Smithers, but that everybody called him "Uncle Obby." "Uncle Obby" showed us through the tiny cottage, and among his books we found several relics of Indian skirmishes.

There was one in particular that he wanted us to see, and he told us this story.

"When me and Sara, that's my wife's name, fust come here from Dad's house in town, Injun raids was right plentiful, but after a while, they got scarce; so most of we 'uns who had gone to trouble to keep up defenses just let be alone.

"Well, one day, some Injun come here and fortunately I were home. Sara was in th' shed, splittin' kindlin'. The Injun wanted food'n' seein' as how we didn't have none, why how c'd we give 'em enythin'? Wal, he got powerful ugly an' said a few things I sure took a dislike to; so I run him out o' the house at th' end of muh Winchester.

"Seems as tho' I kind of didn't attach any import to his threats, so come next day, I went off to fish, seein' as how Sara were awful partial to fish. Took muh lunch with me, and come lunch, I et and lied down ter catch a snooze. Come four o'clock, I guess, I woke up an' started ferhome. Well, I got pret' near home and I begun to hev suspicions o' somep'n. So's I run hard like to the top o' the hill nearest th' house. Ef'n you look hard, out er that winder, you'll see't. En', when I got there, somep'n didn't seem right. There weren't no smoke coming out er the chimbley an' the door was wide open. Well, I run's fast 's I could and reached th' house. Then I wished I handn't.

"There, on the floor, lay Sara, her haid all bashed in with a stone mallet. That's this un here. Wal, I gived the alarm, an' a lot o' people come to help hunt and condole, but 't weren't no use to he'p hunt, least wise we couldn't find hide ner hair o' them Injuns.

Well, I finally stopped grievin' fer Sara, but seems like it weren't much later when we founnd a skeleton of a man, an' we laid as how it could a been that Injun."

He took us out and showed as proof a mound and a small stone slab, on which was inscribed: "Sara Smithers, killed by Indians, 1842-65." We left soon after that, thanking him for a lovely time.

A few days after that, we were talking to some fishermen and told them of our visit to the old man.

"Uncle Obby? Say, lady, that old man is sure as loony as they go. He's been off his bat for about twenty years. His wife run off with a man about that time, and she ain't been heard of since. The man, or 't least we think as it was him, was found some time later. Some people 'lows as how he killed 'em an' then started that story of Injuns, but we can't prove nuthin' so 't ain't right to say."

The story seemed true and obviously most of the people believed, even though they couldn't prove it, that Uncle Obby was a murderer. Remembering him, though, a mild little old man, we wondered.

Betty Hubbard—'39

An Inspiration

"Tonight the Ballet!" a young girl cries
With bright and eager glance;
"I'm going to see the thing I love,
That magic art—the Dance!"
The brilliant lights are dimming,
In the theatre all is still,
The music's soft exquisite strains
Convey a general thrill.
And now across the soft-lit stage
A lovely vision floats;
She moves in perfect harmony
With those entrancing notes.
She runs and leaps and pirouettes,
And twirls around and 'round;
So light she is, her twinkling toes
Seem scarce to touch the ground.
At last, poised like some graceful bird
Preparing to take flight,
The dancer pauses, with a leap
She disappears from sight.
The young girl sits, as in a trance,
And prays some day she too
May dance like this great dancer—
And the young girl's wish came true!

Betty Anne Cohn—'39

Wishes

Wishes—small stars
Hung by silver threads,
Dangling—waving,
Then . . . falling.

Peggy Lepman—'37

To Eat or Not to Eat?

As you sit down at the dinner table to partake of the evening meal, you seldom stop to think of the horrible dangers before you. As you speak of the day's petty troubles and joys, you don't reflect that Mary, the cook, might have put strychnine in the vegetable instead of salt, or too much hot sauce in the shrimp cocktail, do you? Just think, you may be walking right into a sure death at any meal. Now if you'll only consider a while, is it really wise to eat at all?

Another menace presents itself. When at breakfast, full of your usual zest, after a good night's rest, you attack the grapefruit with great vigor, what could happen, and what usually does? The juice makes a bee-line for your eye, thereby temporarily blinding you, so that at the next course, you pick up your knife instead of our fork to use upon the pancakes, and you stab yourself in the lip, which imperils your life, seeing that you might bleed to death.

Then take the practice of perusing your favorite journal as you munch your toast, and all unthinking you take a bit of your finger instead of the toast, which you were sure was still in your hand. Thereby you cripple the hand that holds the article that is "mightier than the sword".

At luncheon, in your usual restaurant, the waitress, loaded down with a heavy tray, stumbles just as she is behind your chair, and the soup, which so soon should have warmed your heart, has scalded your back.

Now you can sum up the physical disabilities for the day, received while enjoying the common practice of eating; you are temporarily blinded, stabbed in the lip, have a disabled finger, and a scalded back.

Now to soliloquize, "To eat, or not to eat, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to dine and die sooner of disabilities, or not to eat and die just as soon of starvation." I leave this problem for wiser heads to solve.

Peggy Lehman—'37

The Forest

Thousands of trees with haughty heads upraised to the sky,
Piercing with plumes of green the blue of the smiling heaven,
Easily swayed with the wind, rooted deep in the heart of the earth,
Stretching their knotted branches up to the catholic sun,
Despising all lesser things below.
Stately, giant trees—young in their hundreds of years,
Eager to feel the rain, eager to challenge the storm,
To know the quiet peace when the spotless snow descends,
To greet the birds, the sun, when spring comes back again.

Sally Hayes—'37

Adventures of Youth

One of quintuplets, born on Thanksgiving Day, she turned out to be the prettiest and peppiest of the family. Her piquant black nose accentuated the whiteness of her slim body. Having been endowed with persistence, she soon learned to outwit her larger brothers in a tug-of-war.

Through subsequent circumstances, our heroine, when very young, was forced to seek the shelter of a new home. The days that followed this new experience were dreary ones. Everything was strange; strange people and strange things. To comfort herself, she began to take interest in the other inhabitants of the place. In exploring the premises, she came upon a brood of ducklings. They were such soft, fluffy things. She wondered if they would roll or maybe she could toss them into the air. Kim, the little lady of our tale, was having the time of her young life when she was discovered. Only one duckling survived to tell the story.

For this catastrophe, Kim was punished by being shut in a dark bedroom. This was terrible—with no shoe or ball to chew. Again she explored corners and finding nothing, she lay down to sleep. Fate would have it that Kim should lie against a large pillow. She burrowed her moist button nose into the pillow and innocently began to chew. Something white and ticklish fell out. Wondering if there were any more, she continued. Later, when she was released, instead of a shame-faced little dog, a laughing one emerged from a billowy blanket of feathers.

Her most exciting pastime was aggravating something. There was an old yellow cat, probably a mixture of Persian and alley; nevertheless, she was very intelligent and attractive. Because of her waif-like appearance, she had been given the undistinguishable name of "Old Yellow". After a few skirmishes, Kim and Old Yellow became sworn enemies. Kim, a persistent little thing, never gave up hope of giving the cat a bat, when she was in an unexpectant mood. Old Yellow, however, always lay in wait watching Kim without ever batting an eye. Understanding the significance of these looks, Kim turned her nose up in the air and proudly pranced off to some other form of amusement, which proved to be the chickens which took to cover at once; only a leghorn cockerel, too conceited to be afraid, turned on Kim with such ferocity that Kim retreated quickly.

Two years have passed and Kim has maintained one friend, the duckling who survived Kim's playful dealings. They are a queer combination—Sir Frances quacking with conversation while Kim enjoys wooling the duck.

Now Kim is content to lie by the radiator and reminisce of her glorious and excitable past.

Bernice Meyer, '37

Victory

He'd won his fight; the crowd roared loud,
The newspaper men swarmed 'round;
I knew he'd win; it seemed but right,
So I yelled and cheered with the crowd.
But now, I wonder, should he have won,
Won't it go to his head?
Will he still be the same good guy
Who had to fight for his bread?
Maybe now that he's in the dough,
He won't bum around with me;
Maybe he'll go with "Park Avenue"
And forget he worked in his dad's grocery.
Oh well, time will tell, and it won't hurt too much,
For I know he'll come back some day;
I won't let him know I've worried so,
And "Hi, son," will be all that I'll say.

Courtney Ann Reid, '37

Pennies From Heaven

Little Tania was sitting dejectedly on the steps in front of her little run-down house. Life was a struggle for Tania's parents. They were very poor and were about to be put out of their home. They had tried to be cheerful in front of Tania, but last night she had overheard them talking, and the little girl wanted desperately to help her parents but knew not how.

As she sat there, a man with gray hair and a kind, jovial face came by singing, "Every time it rains, it rains pennies from Heaven—."

Tania jumped up and ran to the man.

"Hello, there, little girl," beamed the cheerful man. "What can I do for you?"

"You said," gasped Tania, all out of breath, "you said that every time it rains, it rains pennies from heaven. Did you really mean that? 'Cause if you did, I wish it would rain right away, so I could give some of the pennies to Daddy, and then they wouldn't take our house away from us, and Mummy wouldn't cry anymore." The big eyes looked up at him appealingly.

"Well, now, little one, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it did," answered the man, who was captivated by little Tania's winning ways. "It looks very cloudy. Supposing you take me to your Daddy. I'd like to talk to him."

So the man had a long talk with Tania's father. Tania heard her father say something about a job and good pay, but this meant nothing to her.

As the man left, Tania smiled at him. "Thank you for telling me about the pennies from heaven, mister."

That night it poured, and at midnight Tania awoke and ran into her father's room. "Daddy, daddy, run outside quick," she pleaded. "Go and get the pennies from heaven."

Her mother smiled down at her and answered softly, "Daddy has already gotten his pennies, darling."

"Pennies from heaven, Mummy?" asked Tania.

"Yes," she replied, her voice full of meaning, "pennies from heaven."

Betty Ann Cohn, '39

Plumes in the Dust

A knight was riding, riding fast to doom,
On a handsome steed—a snow-white mare.
Upon his helmet tossed a garnet plume,
Which caught the gold of sunbeams in its snare.

His head held high—looked neither right nor left,
His handsome mien could never be ignored.
His movements in the duel, so strong and deft
Were shadowed by his air, so proud and bored.

But looking neither way, he failed to see
A charger coming on, eyes filled with lust,
A lust for blood, and—Fate demands a fee—
A minute passed;—the plume lay in the dust.

Peggy Lepman, '37

The Cross of Pigeon's Blood

The snow flew down through the air on that cold night in January. It was a light snow, barely enough to cover the dirt and soften the grim aspect of the city. It felt good against my cheek as I stepped into the waiting cab. We drove through Central Park down the avenue and stopped before a large, well-lighted office building. I alighted, paid the driver and went in. The building was in a bustle of the daily five-thirty crowd as I shot up in the elevator. I got off and walked into my office and I must add that it is a good-looking office at that. Perhaps you are thinking that it was a strange hour to go to work and so I must tell you that in my business one never has regular office hours. My secretary stopped me and said, "Miss Arnold, Mr. Shipley called today and asked if you wouldn't come to his apartment and have dinner with him as long as you were coming afterwards, anyhow."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that you would be there at seven, for dinner."

"Good; I might as well because we have to have that conference anyhow." Saying this I went into the inner office to look over the day's mail and to do some telephoning. I left the office about six-thirty and took a cab up to Mr. Shipley's apartment on Riverside Drive. As I remember, we talked most generally at the dinner table. It was after dinner when we were having coffee in the drawing room that he broke the news to me.

"Constance, our firm was more than pleased with the work that you did for us on your last case. I know that you were planning to go on a well-earned and much-needed vacation. If you would consider doing another job for us we would be most grateful. I hesitate to ask this of you; but we all know that you are the one that we want for this work and you are the only one that we feel like trusting on so dangerous a mission."

You can well imagine how excited and yet frightened I was. However, I managed somehow to say calmly (I hope), "Mr. Shipley, I appreciate the great trust which your firm wishes to place in me, but I couldn't very well tell you whether I could do this job or not until I have heard what it is."

"Our firm, as you know, deals in rare and priceless jewels. We have had some of the most famous stones in the world pass through our hands. In order to get these jewels, it has been necessary to send people all over the globe for them. We have never failed yet to get the piece of jewelry that we were after. We don't want to this time and that's why I'm asking you to help us."

"I see, but what piece of jewelry are you after this time? Won't your regular people be able to work on this without my help?"

"That would be impossible, Constance. None of our workers is skilled enough to trace this jewelry and find it. It has been lost to the world for two centuries. We have only a faint clue as to where it has been hidden. It is a cross of pigeon's blood rubies, the rarest and most precious in the world. We do know that Catherine of Russia had it at one time and then it seems to have disappeared completely. One of our scouts cabled us yesterday from Paris. He seems to think that the cross is in Paris because a great many collectors are coming over there from other parts of the world. You know they have uncovered an old diary of Catherine's mother and they believe that there may be some clue to the cross in it."

"I see. Could the cross have been made from the large ruby which Gustavus III is reputed to have sent to Catherine?"

"No one seems to know what happened to the ruby but the cross was supposed to have belonged to her mother. Still that fact may have grown distorted with the ages. Well, Constance, what do you say? Is it a go? Will you go help us once more?"

"Your offer excites me, Mr. Shipley, and even my vacation could not interest me half so much. Yes, I'll go. But if I don't find the cross, please don't be too angry."

"Good, good! I thought that you would want to help us again and I am most grateful. We shall at least have the assurance that we have the best person on the trail of that cross and I'm sure that if you don't find it, no one will. Now Constance, I have reservations on the *Bremen*, sailing tomorrow night. For if you hadn't taken the job we should

have had to send someone else. You must be very careful. There may be others with the same idea and we want that cross first. It wouldn't do to have another firm get it first. I think that you don't need to fear anything too much out of the ordinary. It would take a pretty bold person to steal that."

"I will be very careful as one only can on missions like this. I believe I had better leave now for I'll have a good deal to look over and a great many things to attend to before going."

Once out on the street I felt a little weak; it was to be an exciting experience but also a dangerous one. There were probably plenty of people out after that piece of jewelry and I was going to have to work very fast. I walked home and packed some of my bags and went to bed.

The days passed swiftly on board the *Bremen* and when we landed I was really sorry to start out on my adventure. Leaving the boat and passing through the customs, I took the train for Paris, where I went at once to a small but very nice hotel off the main thoroughfares. I slept soundly that night, got up early and breakfasted lightly. I then walked into the heart of the city. I was very much interested in some paintings that I saw in a window of one of the shops. Going in, I found that the artist was giving a lecture on some French painting of about two centuries ago, so I sat down to listen. The painting was not unusually excellent from an artistic viewpoint but the thing that I immediately noticed was the brooch about the woman's neck. It was apparently of a red stone, probably a ruby. However, the thing which attracted my attention was the size of the stone. It was perfectly oval and about the size of a pigeon's egg. Pigeon's egg, I thought, could that be the ruby that Gustavus gave to Catherine? No, that period represented by the portrait is at least fifty years before Catherine's time. However, I wanted to see that painting. So pretending to be an art collector, I asked the man in charge if he would allow me to take the painting with me to see if my client would like it. He agreed and I took the painting back to the hotel with me. I examined it closely and found the paint over the brooch slightly thicker than elsewhere. Next day I paid the man for the picture in order that he would suspect nothing. Then I took it to a chemist whom I know and had him take X-rays of it. He found that there was paint under this coating of red. Soon we treated the place with various chemicals and the paint peeled off disclosing a cross in faded red paint. The very cross that I was hunting for! I was greatly excited and I felt that there must be something else about the picture to explain this mystery. Finally, my friend, the chemist, suggested that we take the frame apart and see if we could find any clue. Our first glance showed us nothing, but on close examination we noticed a mark in the wood as if made by a chisel. We pried the piece of wood out and in it found a tightly rolled piece of paper. The piece of wood fitted over a tiny hiding place, just large enough for this small scroll. It was in French and read like this:

"To whoever finds this portrait. Perhaps you will notice the brooch at my throat. Under the brooch is the cause of all my unhappiness, the cross. This cross has been sacred to our country and to my family. For centuries it has been the symbol which has helped each of us to go through our trying times. It is gone, gone because I was finally reduced to selling it to pay my debts. The man who bought it is kind. He promised me to keep it well hidden for if the people find that the cross is gone they will lose heart. May it rest safely with the Marquis in France.

Catherine I.

R.I."

So soon I had found a trail to the cross. I was overjoyed. After looking through the register I found that there was but one man who could have been the one mentioned in Catherine's letter. However, this man's son had left no descendants and so I found myself up a blind alley. I was worried and for three weeks I could not plan a course of action. I cabled frequently to the States but could gain no helpful hints. I had been looking through old, obscure shops in the hope of finding some clue. One day I stopped at a very small house, sandwiched between two imposing-looking homes. It was a tea and antique shop. I stopped and had some tea. Afterwards I looked through

their stock of jewelry. I saw nothing unusual but I did buy a beautiful gold cross edged in pearls. It was expensive but well worth the price. I did not wear it often as it was too valuable to be worn carelessly.

One night as I was packing to sail home, discouraged after my wild goose chase, (I must say I think my employers were discouraged, too) I was fingering my cross lovingly and wishing that the gold would only turn into rubies. My finger felt a rough edge along the side of the cross. I pried it a little and the little gold cap flew off disclosing a stone so beautiful that it seemed like a small spark of fire that lighted the room. I gasped and after recovering my wits looked at the rest of the cross carefully and discovered many little caps over the stones. I placed the caps carefully back and put the cross around my neck. I never took it off during my entire trip home. I can safely say that more than once I clutched my pearl handled revolver to give me courage.

I look back on that trip to Europe as my most exciting. Of course the cross was exhibited all over the country, but I still have the picture. I wouldn't part with it for anything. It is hanging over the mantel and I often think as I sit beside the glowing fire and look into that face, that she is pronouncing a secret blessing on me.

Anne Nicholson, '38

Horticulturist *versus* Gardener

"Why, in all my born days I never heerd o' sech a thing, Mis' Hodges," and Mrs. Haines, the town gossip, sat down and fanned.

"Yep, as I says to Elmira, Mis' Kinney is gettin' mighty high-hat these days. I allays thought Mis' Kinney uz jest a little too proud o' her roses; but when she's got to call herself a horticulturist 'n hev a club, 'n give speeches 'bout the growin' of hybrid tea roses, things hev gone too far. An' then, havin' the nerve to tell *me* thet she an' her membership committe has decided that soon's I 'quire jest a leetle more 'sperience in the cultivatin' of roses they'll consider givin' *me* a membership!"

"Well, Mis' Hodges, it jest do beat ev'rythin'. How Mis' Kinney kin say sech a thing when she knows right well that her roses don't grow half as large or bloom half as long as your'n. Why, they be 's far from the real thing as Jeff Jelke's horse is from Jeff when the traces o' the carriage break."

"Guess I'd better be going, Mis' Hodges; my old bones smell rain, an' I don't aim to get the rheumatiz again this year; but it's outrageous, jest outrageous, that's all;" whereupon Mrs. Haines made her departure.

The next afternoon Mrs. Kinney, passing by Miss Hodges', was seen to look over the white fence railing and glance anxiously at the former's rose-bed, a look of incredulity flitting over her wizened little face. Taking in at a glance every little detail connected with the rose-bed, she hurried on, an expression of hatred in her squinting little eyes. This strange procedure was repeated every afternoon for a week; Miss Hodges' curiosity meanwhile running high as she watched daily from behind her closed curtains.

Miss Hodges' bewilderment was not to last long, however, for a few minutes after Mrs. Kinney's disappearance around the corner, Mrs. Haines was viewed bargeing up Miss Hodges' front walk with a triumphant smile on her face. It was easy to surmise that the town gossip had either just recently tasted the pleasure which she derived from practical application of the maxim, "Revenge is sweet, scorn it not," or she had a long and juicy bit of news to impart.

"Mis' Hodges, you'll never guess jest what was behind all Mrs. Kinney's carryin's-on. What I mean is her snoopin's 'round your rose-bed. Mis' Kinney's roses hev got blighted!"

"Mis' Kinney's roses ain't the only ones that felt the weather, Mis' Haines. Ef'n I hadn't sprayed mine, I dunno but what I wouldn't hev any now."

"Anyways, Mis' Hodges, I jest overheard Mis' Kinney say she's gonna ask you t' jine her club!"

"Well, I never! First I don't know 'nough 'bout roses to jine, an' then Mis' Kinney

an' her club figgers I'll be tickled pink t' jine right off an' tell 'em how I keep my roses from blightin'. I'll put short work to that notion o' her'n. I'm much obliged to you, Mis' Haines, fer telling me. Good-day, Mis' Haines.

Half an hour later, as if to verify Mrs. Haines' statement, Mrs. Kinney, with a rather unsettled air, walked up Miss Hodges' front steps.

"Sakes alive! Mis' Kinney. I never 'spected to see you here. Is there anythin' I kin do fer you?"

Rather startled at this warm reception, Mrs. Kinney, quite complacent now as to the outcome of her negotiations, started in confidently.

"Miss Hodges, my committee an' I hev been a talkin' it over, an' we thought—long's we were short on members—thet we'd ask you t' jine. An' at your first 'pearance at the club, you kin talk 'bout hybrid tea roses, and if there's anything special you've learned 'bout 'em lately, we'll all be glad t' hear it."

"Mis' Kinney, thet's jest as kind of you as it kin be; but I'm 'fraid I'm jest an' old-fashioned gard'ner who can't learn new ways nohow, and I'd better leave horticulture to them as knows better."

Saying which, Miss Hodges coolly shut the door in her caller's face and stalked back into the house.

Caroline Camp

Winter Night

The sun has gone, while in the east
A few small stars begin to show;
And tossing trees their bare arms turn
Black against the afterglow.

Fields of snow, unbroken—smooth—
Shimmer 'neath the sun's last light,
Then pale; become an icy blue
Before the marching shades of night.

Then black is sky and white is land
And frigid is the air,
And far off stars blink icily
While wind moans in despair.

And now, a perfect winter night
With winds that beckon, stars that call;
And all the world lies glistening, still—
With magic moonlight flooding all.

Marjorie Griffin

Autumn

Come autumn days, as autumn will,
With beauty
Transmuting every tree and hill
And roaming sea.

Familiar forms that may be old,
Their drabness shed
And wrap themselves in robes of gold
And flaming red.

The massive hills no longer frown
In solemn mood
On countryside and sleeping town
But calmly brood.

I contemplate this autumn scene,
And yearnings wake
Which words nor years can ever glean
Nor vivid make.

Come Autumn days with subtle grace
Answering well
The truth I sought through the years to trace,
The autumn spell.

Marjorie Shattuck

The Brooch

It was just a heart-shaped piece of gold,
Yet its story it did unfold.
The threads in it were spun
With tales of youthful fun.
Oh, it isn't much to glance at
But, as you pass it by,
You will want to stop and look
Though you really can't tell why;
For it's been to many dances and has gone to parties gay,
It has frolicked in the sunlight nearly every day.
Then if you look more closely,
You perhaps might chance to see
That in tiny, tiny letters it's inscribed,
"To you from me."
Oh, it's a fascinating trinket,
Though you really can't tell why,
But I know that when you see it,
You won't want to pass it by.

Lenore Kurzweil

My Career

My career in the future is waiting for me,
I might be a singer or dancer, you see,
Maybe in the movies or in Broadway's lights
Maybe in Europe watching the sights.
Or even a poet or some great hit,
Maybe a writer of some famous skit.
Maybe a School Ma'm, or great athlete
Or maybe an old maid saying, "Ouch, my feet!"

But best of all I'd like to be
A Mother with children calling me,
With the cries of children calling, "Mother dear."
That's my idea of a career.

Jane Altman, '40

The Haunting Strain

'Tis gone—that haunting strain which memory claims I know—
And yet each time it comes I feel its newness grow
And heat to flame the fancied dreams of idleness.
Dreams, I say—of crowded hours, of empty years—
But are they so? The strain is real which steals upon my ears.
And now it comes: and now to me I feel it brings
The thoughts I like to think, the dreams of finer things,
The dreams of higher, better things to come,
And yet I ask, Why dream? The haunting strain is old.
'Twill slip away and leave the fancied flames of such dreams cold.

Sally Hayes

When Grandpa Went A-courting

When Grandpa went a-courting
In the days of long ago,
He wore a checkered suit and vest
And a tiny velvet bow.

And Grandma wore a bustle
And a great big pompadour;
She always wore high buttoned boots,
Three petticoats or more.

And when they weren't a-courting
'Neath the skies of azure blue,
They rode the sidewalks of New York
On a bicycle built for two.

On Saturday nights, when the pay came
'round,
They'd go to the vaudeville shows
And see how the Belle of the Nineties
Managed her many beaux.

The bicycle built for two
Has long been on its way;
The bustle and the pompadour
Have also had their day.

But one thing clear is in my mind—
That though the times are new—
Gram loves Gramp, and Gramp loves
Gram
With tender heart and true.

Lois Hainsfurther

Summer Night

Rustling breezes 'mongst the trees
Murmur softly through the night,
Sand shines silver on the beach
Shimmering under pale moonlight.

Ebon waters lapping gently
'Gainst the smooth and rounded shore,
'Neath the surface glint the clam shells
Nestled on the wide sea-floor.

Stars reflected on the water,
Gleaming fish glide to and fro;
Beneath the black and ceaseless ripples
The tall and tangled sea weed grows.

The moon's path rests upon the wavelets
Stretching far out to the sea;
All is still save for the breezes
While water laps eternally.

A breathless pause—there is no sound—
A clock strikes twelve within the tower;
Far out at sea the notes resound,
All noise is dulled; 'tis the witching hour.

Marjorie Griffin

Kindness

Be kind, although temptations rise
And tears of vengeance well;
For peace will follow in the wake
Where love and kindness dwell.

Be kind, wherever you may be,
At work or family prayer,
For there is little peace at heart
If kindness is not there.

Be kind, it is required of you
And you can never gain
Acceptance in the book of life
If kindness does not reign.

Be kind, whatever may befall;
Let kindness be your theme.
There never would have been a war
Had kindness reigned supreme.

How long, we ask, before the time
When flags of peace unfurled
Will designate to all mankind
That kindness rules the world?

Eugenia von Hermann

GOOD GRACIOUS!



Which
Shall
It
Be
?



Editorial to End All Editorials

We are in favor of Student Government, but after having delved into its various and sundry branches we feel it our bounden duty to bring forth into the light the unadulterated truth about Student Government.

Take the committee on dress; (please do, goodness knows we don't want it—) on their shoulders alone rests the responsibility for the annihilation of our brilliant personalities.

Consider the committee provided for your entertainment. (The most entertaining part is *considering* it.)

There is the committee on order (order? one ham and rye, please.) It is our secret conviction that "there will come a day" when students will be forced to wear name tags so that they may be identified by worried parents, after Kay has snatched them and locked them up in the "Pound".

There is also the committee on tardiness—if more students would emulate the shining example of the eminent chairman of this committee, this institution of learning could right be called the "late Faulkner school"!

We have, too, a fire drill committee (where there's smoke, there's fire). This committee is dearest to the student's hearts—the drills save the reputation of many a prize pupil stuck with a difficult question.

Last but not least our Philanthropic committee (sister, can you spare a dime or two?). This we have quaintly paraphrased the "gimme girls' gang". We give 'til it hurts and how it hurts!

This, my fellow students, is Faulkner—we take it and leave it, if we're lucky—but with all its faults we love it still—(the stiller the better).

Modern Priscilla

Where is our Grandma of yester year,
The dignified darling so quiet and dear
Who gladly would sit by the fire and knit,
Pausing only to console or to cheer?

Oh, she's all right—she has grown no frailer,
She's powdered her nose, put on her new sailor;
Put her knitting away 'til some other day
And gone to the movies to see Robert Taylor!

When you call to show her your dear little boy,
Thinking to bring her some fun and some joy,
Even tho' she'll regret it—you'd better forget it—
She's on her way, for this is her day for "stomping at the Savoy!"

When you tiptoe quietly to her room
And find there is just silence and very deep gloom,
Your fears may be many, but she's with Jack Benny
Learning to play "Love in Bloom"!

She has no use for slippers or shawls,
Afternoon teas, or dull family calls;
It's a new day—Grandma's gone gay!
And her tap-dancing practice sounds all thru the halls!

S. P. Dometer's Troubles

S. P. Dometer was born at Cylinder, Texas. When he was six years old, he wore out, on an average, two pairs of shoes a week racing around with his pushmobile. He used to cry when he was in his baby carriage, but no one knew why. When he could talk, he explained that he was crying because his carriage did not have an engine. When he was eight, he dismantled the hall clock and set it so that it would chime off a day in sixteen minutes. Speed was his craving. His mother always put gasoline in his bottle. His father spanked him with a brake lining instead of the conventional razor strap.

He drove his first race at the age of twelve. In this race, he broke two records—his dad and a collar bone. When he won the International Sweepstakes at Copenhagen, he drove the twenty-one cylinder Smoke Special. He averaged 109 miles per hour for five hundred miles. His next machine had weights on it to hold it to the ground. This car was a failure because the motor melted when he reached the speed of 178 miles per hour. The track was just a stream of red hot steel. He was the first driver to turn a corner on one wheel.

His last race was at Waldheim, where he drove a Hursen Eight.

Genevieve Bernstein

Jokes

Priscilla—What did you do with that darling daschsund?

Betty—Oh, my mother wouldn't let me keep him.

Priscilla—Why not?

Betty—He took so long coming in the door that the house got cold.

Miss F.—Ermatrude, why are you so late this morning?

Ermatrude—Well, it's on account of because my mother has ammonia.

Miss F.—You mean pneumonia, dear; don't you know the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Ermatrude—Of course I do. Ammonia comes in bottles; Pneumonia, in chests.

Jane—How would you feel if your new boy-friend lost all his money?

Elaine—I'd feel terribly; he'd miss me so-o-o-o.

John—Nice of you to let me take your car last night.

Jane—Oh, that's all right. Whom did you take in it?

John—Oh, just a couple of boys.

Jane—Oh yeah, well I found one of their lip-sticks there this morn.

Worldly Wise—How are your marks?

Worried Faulknerite—They're under water.

W.W.—Why, what do you mean?

W. F.—Below "C" level.

M.S.—If we could only use algebra and have a code. That might be too much for the printer, poor man; probably can't add, anyway.

$$9 + 6 = 21 + 201$$

$$\hline + 1937 = \text{Kismet}$$

$$30 + 29 = 40$$

I'm not poetic,
Poems prove a headic.

M. S.



*Faulkner Gets a Boost in
Show Places*



*Underneath It All a Faulkner
Foundation*

Oh! Oh! Oh! What a School!

As I was walking through Faulkner School
The girls they met my eye.
The atmosphere was so very queer,
I had to stop and sigh.
The bulletin boards were posted up and this is what it read—
Though most the words were scribbled out,
I think this is what it said:

"Faulkner starts at ten o'clock, the best time of the day,
The first thing done is to chew some gum, and waste your time away.
Then classes start; the best of all is what to wear to school;
And all the girls must have debates so as not to break the rule.
Nail polish red must be worn and heels of highest height,
And if your hair's not tinted up, you look an awful sight.
Recreation we may take, if classes seem a bore,
Rubber heels must not be worn or you'll slip across the floor.
In English, too, we learn the new wise cracks of the day,
In French we sit and tax our brains learning about Fifi D'orsay;
In Algebra they're bridge scores, and in gym, the college hop;
And when it comes to recess time, we drink some soda pop.
Now wouldn't this make the perfect place to stay,
Especially if you want to be up on the topics of the day?"

Dr. Best's Health Recipes

CUCUMBERS DE LUXE

Take six large cucumbers, pare them carefully and very thinly. Slice them delicately, place them in a bowl and sprinkle generously with salt. Let stand for an hour and when they have drawn some juice, squeeze thoroughly in a colander and then—throw away!

This will insure digestibility, and a perfectly happy after-dinner feeling.

Aunt Bessie's Best Recipe

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Take one cup of English Literature and let it melt well until it is absorbed, now stir in it two tablespoons of History and see that it doesn't get too "Browning" or it will look like Clay. Next take five heaping teaspoons of Algebra and multiply with the other ingredients; lastly add a dash of French, mix thoroughly but do not try to digest this in only three years for it will take four. And when this pie is opened, instead of Blackbirds, out will come your diploma.

Tale of a Fisherman's Daughter

Oh, I am a fisherman's daughter
My fate is indeed a great woe—
I've been ever surrounded by water
And odor of codfish and roe.
One day, ah, bee-autiful memory—
A handsome gent knocked at the door,
I opened it, wondering and fluttery
And practically fell through the floor.
A guest here is very unusual,
As a footnote I really should add,
It would, I am sure, amuse you all
After keepng company with fish and my dad;
Well, to go on with my story,
He had brought back a hanky I dropped.
He was gallant and so filled with glory
I gasped and my heart stopped.
He said "Madame, let's take a wee sojourn,
'Tis a beautiful day, and the sky
Has been shining and bright since the morn—
How about the neighboring fish fry?"
Ah—immortal muse, who settled my fate,
I slapped him and made this one wish—
Every mortal alive, I most surely will hate,
Who says one thing to me about fish!



Amelia Toast's Column on Etiquette

Dear Mrs. Toast:

What should one do, when one yawns?

Mrs. L.

One should cover the mouth with her hand. If one won't do, use both.

Dear Mrs. Toast:

What should one do, when one spills gravy?

Mr. D.

Just be sure to have on a matching shirt or dress.

Dear Mrs. Toast:

What should one do about two peoples' going through a door at the same time?

Miss J.

Both should stop and neither should proceed, until one is entirely through.

Dear Mrs. Toast:

What should one do about partaking of soup?

Mr. S.

One should partake of soup *most* silently. However, some people now guzzle in public; so the method is up to you, but I advise you to consider your neighbor, and unless he is deaf or guzzling, too, be considerate.

Dear Mrs. Toast:

What may one do about chewing gum?

A Faulknerite.

I understand your position and realize that probably the ground has already been thoroughly covered by Miss Faulkner and Miss Mack. However, here are some pointers. Do not chew "the tough meat" way, and, if surprised by a teacher, while chewing, just stick the gum behind that thirty-fourth left molar, and act calm, (above all act calm). Just think, the teacher might be as surprised as you are and be using the same technique.

A Midwinter Nightmare

It was early evening as one of the ambitious Faulkner high school girls turned bor- ingly toward her much-detested homework. Oh, she thought, if I could only keep on eating that luscious mince pie forever even though most people think that three pieces is rather a great deal. She stretched lazily and opened her book to begin her homework.

After about three hours of studying, she got ready for bed, turned out her light and prepared herself for a good night's sleep of peaceful dreams. Incidentally, anything seemed peaceful to her except books, school, and teachers.

Scarcely had she hit the bed when sweet Morpheus wrapped his cloak about her, dead- ening all the pangs of over-indulgence. (See Tums ad). Her repose was interrupted by a series of most unusual pictures. She found herself in Faulknerville.

Upon arriving she saw a large reception which she thought was in her honor, but instead found that it was the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, since Georgene V had abdi- cated. This turn of events, unhappy as it may be, was caused by the fact that Georgene V could not overcome her violent and unruly passion for Coca Colas. (See next page). Therefore, she was going into exile, either to Cole's Drug store or the B. and G. This grieved Queen Elizabeth sorely as it meant that her dearly beloved sister was going to leave her and lead a life of dissipation.

As the coronation parade came along the street, the hard-worked Faulkner student noticed that it was led by General Jones doing the Sailor's Hornpipe. Behind General

Jones, came that renowned maestro of the drum, that little bundle of personality and charm, Mrs. Burgess.

Suddenly like an eruption of Vesuvius, through the parade dashed a bilious green fire-engine bearing on its box in red suspenders and baggy red pants (courtesy of Marshall Field uniform bureau) Chief Baillot and Hose Sergeant Brochery. French berets rested on their worldly brows, furrowed with worry after finally passing their master's degree.

Standing beside Elizabeth the Great, were her two propaganda managers, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse (see below) who, on closer inspection, proved to be Miss Davis and Mrs. Haydon. During Elizabeth's speech Donald and Mickey Mouse passed out translations which read something like this: "Amo ma cherie X 2 Odysseus miscellaneous."

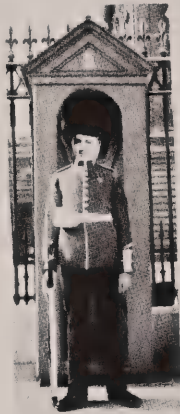
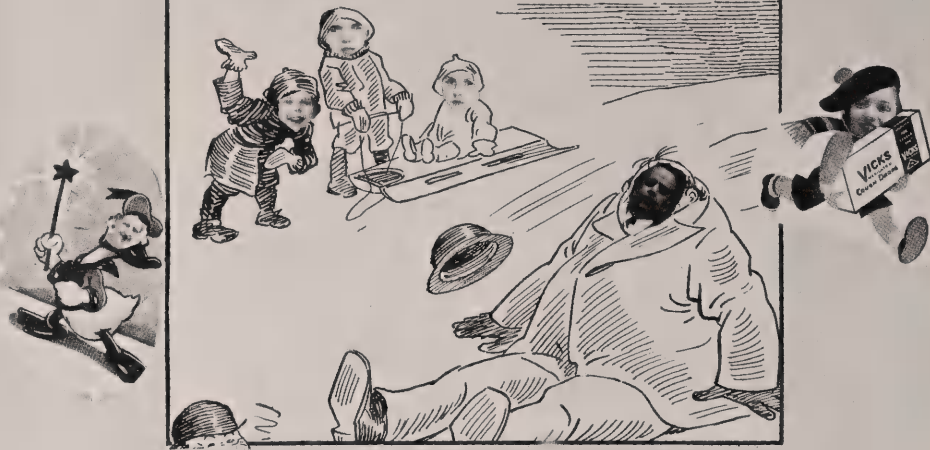
Feeling a little worse for wear, the student wended her weary way to a policeman of whom she asked the way to the castle. The policeman told her that the castle was on the square and that she could find the square by dividing the perimeter by two and multiplying it by pie. On hearing the word "pie" she didn't need any more information on how to get to the castle, because she awoke with a start and remembered the mince pie which had caused her so much trouble and was the cause of her bad dream.



"A Faulkner Nightmare"

OUR PICTORIAL SECTION

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND..."



I
can knock
the stuffing
out of you

Try to do it.
I eat
OYSTERS



Fashions of the Decade and Helpful Hints on Beauty

Perhaps you will not understand my title. This I will explain at once, as it would not be nice to write on something that you, my gentle, innocent reader, would not understand.

"Fashions of the Decade"—there we really have something. Fashions at the house of Faulkner have changed little in the last twenty years. Strange, say you? Not at all. Elizabeth, head stylist, is of the old conservative school. She believes in hiding that pretty dimple in your knee and those lovely legs which *you* may think look like Dietrich's, but in reality are just a little bowed and skinny.

Twenty years ago skirts were serving double purposes: one, dusting the floor as they swept by; and second, but not least, covering those beautiful limbs. Faulkner skirts were doing likewise. (Charles and Roy had a little work, then; but the cleaning bills used to make papa shiver).

But times were changing. We were going through the boom days. Stocks were going higher and so were skirts—that is to say—most of them were. However, as I have previously stated, we refused to speculate but a very little. Charles and Roy had twice as much work, but we were slowly going modern.

Today our skirts are comfortable, baggy things which lose their shape almost immediately and cost almost as much as those stocks in 1929.

Am I taking too much of a liberty to mention our athletic apparel through the decade? I hope not, because I'm going to, anyhow. Our ancestors floated through their days in baggy, pleated bloomers—the peak of the style in the nineties. These must have been comfortable, something like a balloon on each leg. They lasted for some time.

We passed through various stages: good, bad and indifferent. However, during 1934, '35, and most of '36, we had the best little model in existence. You could not find a better one, anywhere.

Came 1937 and the election. Liberals may have been voted into the government. Not so the athletic department. It turned from its liberal policy to one that reeks of something—I do not know what. They are modest—oh so-o-o-o modest—that even a Hercules (classical allusion, see English) couldn't do a thing in them. They fit foully, and I imagine that before the year's over, the city's laundresses will strike for better pay and longer hours to iron those bloomers.

* * * * *

Now, beauty, here is a vital question to everybody. I have only a few little hints to make and you don't have to take them or even think of them twice, if you do not want to. But here is some food for thought—especially to you whose poor brains are starved for a little nourishment.

If you find that your hair changes while studying for that English test—I mean if you twist it into fantastic spirals and braids, put it away. I do not mean take it off (even if you can, although it would be convenient), but screw it up on the good old iron curlers.

They say that it is smart to look natural. So why not give the faculty a break and conform to the dictates of style and stop looking like the Iroquois on the war path.

Hoping that I have not gotten into your hair too much with my prattle, I remain your Faulkner correspondent, who wishes that teachers would get together when assigning homework.

"The Duchess"



A Faulkner—Foursome + 1

The Faulkner School

Telephone Oakland 1423

4746 Dorchester Ave.

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SEBA MOULTON *Assistant Principal*



This year there have been seventeen of our graduates at the University of Chicago, three at Northwestern University, three at Sarah Lawrence College, two at Oberlin College, two at Rockford College; one at each of the following colleges: Beloit, Carleton, Grinnell, Lake Forest, Smith, Swarthmore, Sweet Briar, Vassar, and Wheaton; also at Carnegie Institute of Technology, Fairmount School, Mt. Vernon Seminary, and National Park Seminary; two are at Briarcliff Junior College; one is at Colby Junior College; one in kindergarten training school; two in art school; two in domestic science school.

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